

# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

AUGUST

1944



**William L. Shirer:**

***Soft Peace = World War III***

***Blackie,***

**A Story by Paul Gallico**



# SALUTE TO A HOARDER!

WE ARE not a sympathizer  
With the ordinary miser,  
But we hail the War Bond hoarder as a friend...



He's a credit to the nation,  
For he helps prevent inflation  
By continuing to save instead of spend!

YOURS FOR VICTORY—THE 5 CROWNS  
(Richness, Smoothness, Lightness, Flavor,  
Body—but NO TOUGHNESS)



For Pre-War Quality... Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram keeps the  
**TOUGHNESS OUT**  
... blends extra  
**PLEASURE IN**



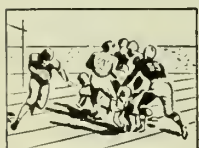
# THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 60% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York





## Backbone . . . not Wishbone!



If the Pilgrims and their loyal women folk had had wabby *wish-*bones in place of their sturdy back-

bones; if the backbones of the patriots at Valley Forge had been wishy-washy—America, land of the free today, *could* have ended in wishful thinking.

But the men who discovered, dreamed, worked and fought to build our great democracy, put their own steely courage into the backbone of this nation. It is backbone that *shows* whenever the chips are down.

You see it in our modern industrial marvels that began in a little iron-founder's shop less than two centuries ago.

You see it in our scientific miracles—in our agricultural achievements—and in our mighty war effort, today.

Have you considered that the maintenance of America's superb backbone lies in our matchless *youth* power? It does.

Out there on the playfields of our great democratic nation, where our youth—our potential manpower—fight to the last ditch in friendly fierceness, for a coveted goal—in vigorous, man-to-man, competitive sports—the *backbone* of our *nation* is renewed and stiffened.

On these battle fields of competitive play our boys and girls, too, learn initiative, courage, determination, fighting spirit, will-to-win despite all odds, tempered with fair play.

And on these fields is inculcated into their minds and hearts an unrealized appreciation of what it means to live in a *free* America. Try to take this freedom of theirs away from them—this personal privilege to think and

dream and do in freedom—to be one-self—to fight for a goal and win it—and that realization will become a living flame. And in this fact is our greatest guarantee that America will continue to be the land of the free.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co. and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities

# Wilson

SPORTS EQUIPMENT



IT'S WILSON TODAY  
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



# "Head of the Bourbon Family"



Great achievement is its own best spokesman.

One taste will tell you why those who know bourbon say, "When you've asked for Old Grand-Dad, you've asked for bourbon at its best."



**OLD GRAND-DAD**

BOTTLED IN BOND AT FULL 100 PROOF

NATIONAL DISTILLERS  
PRODUCTS CORPORATION  
NEW YORK



# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1944  
VOLUME 37 • No. 2

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3579 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.  
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

## The Editor's Corner

THERE has been a great deal of discussion throughout the nation concerning the action of the crew of one of our naval ships in sending back to this country, some four hundred dollars to be offered strikers of a certain war plant as a bribe to stay on the job. The crew was not so much concerned about the particular strike for which the money was raised; in fact, the men made the statement that if that strike had been settled when their letter reached our shores they wanted the money to be used in another industrial dispute.

The purpose of my bringing up this subject is to point out something which  
(Continued on page 4)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents, in an unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

## COVER DESIGN

By HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

LET'S MATCH THE G.I. SPIRIT 6  
By WARREN H. ATHERTON  
National Commander

MILLION-ITEM WALLOP 9  
By MAJOR GENERAL LEROY LUTES

BLACKIE 10  
By PAUL GALLICO  
Illustrated by Walter Biggs, A.N.A.

HALLORAN 12  
By ADOLPH TREIDLER  
With sketches by Mr. Treidler

G.I. JOE'S NEW HORIZON 14  
By DONALD G. GLASCOFF  
National Adjutant

SOFT PEACE = WORLD WAR III 15  
By WILLIAM L. SHIRER  
Illustrated by John Cassel

TO MAKE 'EM LAUGH 16  
By SAMMY WALSH

OUR RUSSIANS OF 1918 19  
By S. E. LAWRENCE  
Illustrated by H. M. Stoops

BOUGAINVILLE BURSTS 20  
By J. M. TUCKER  
Illustrated by Hamilton Greene

DON'T SAY "IT'S THE WAR!" 22  
By LOUIS DE GARMO  
Illustrated by S. T. Smith

BISCUIT-BOMBING IN BURMA 23  
By FRED B. BARTON  
Illustrated by Carl Pfeufer

DOG TAG DOINGS 24  
Conducted by JOHN J. NOLL

CARRYING ON! 27  
By BOYD B. STUTLER

WALLY'S PAGE 52

**IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 50.**

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1944. Published monthly at 455 West 22d St., Chicago, Ill. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Warren H. Atherton, Indianapolis, Ind., National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission; Vilas H. Whaley, Racine, Wis., Vice Chairman. Members of Commission: Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Jerry Owen, Salem, Ore.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Robert W. Colflesh, Des Moines, Iowa; Dr. William F. Murphy, Palestine, Texas; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Claude S. Ramsey, Raleigh, N. C.; Glenn H. Campbell, Cleveland, Ohio; Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.; George Bideaux, Tucson, Ariz.; Le Roy D. Downs, South Norwalk, Conn.; Harry R. Allen, Brockton, Mass.; Paul B. Dague, Downingtown, Pa.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Director, Frank Lisiecki; Associate Editor, John J. Noll.

The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.



# AGAIN, ZENITH MAKES HEARING AID HISTORY!

*Brings New Smartness and Style  
at No Extra Cost with the*

## New Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord

ZENITH made hearing aid history by bringing fine precision *quality* within reach of all. Now Zenith follows through—makes history again—brings you, in its complete production, an entirely new standard of hearing aid *smartness and style!*

With the exclusive New Zenith Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord—developed after years of research—Zenith now does for the hearing aid what modern styling did for eyeglasses! Now America's hard of hearing can wear an aid with visible parts that are *scarcely noticeable*, because they blend with any complexion. Best of all, they are available to present purchasers at no extra cost—*included* at Zenith's history-making low price of \$40!

With this smart new Zenith ensemble, even the most sensitive wearer can feel perfectly poised. For it brings an attractive new "look of youth" to the hearing aid. You'll notice it immediately when you look at yourself in the mirror. Now, no one need feel self-conscious about wearing a hearing aid.

See the proof of this today. And *bear* the proof of excellence in performance that has made America swing *overwhelmingly* to the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Visit the Zenith-franchised dispenser nearest you. Or, for complete information by mail, use the convenient coupon below.



## THE NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID



**\$40**

COMPLETE, READY TO WEAR  
With New Neutral-Color Earphone  
and Cord . . . Crystal Microphone . . .  
Radionic Tubes . . . Batteries . . . One  
Quality, Zenith's Best.

BY THE MAKERS OF

**ZENITH**  
"LONG DISTANCE" RADIO  
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—  
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

Accepted by American Medical Association  
Council on Physical Therapy

★

### GOOD NEWS FOR CANADIANS

The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now available in Canada—*direct by mail only*—at \$40 complete (Canadian currency) with no additional charge for transportation, duties, taxes! For details write our Canadian distributor, Dept. AL-7, Zenith Radio Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Guaranty Trust Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

— Mail Coupon for Free Descriptive Booklet —

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Dept. AL-7  
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me your Free descriptive booklet on  
the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

Name

Address

City  State

☐ Physicians please check here for special literature.

### THE NEW EARPHONE



- Smart, modern, scarcely noticeable! Pleasingly neutral in color so that it blends with any complexion.
- Sturdily constructed of beautiful, long-wearing plastic.
- Comfortable to wear because it's feather-light in weight.

### THE NEW CORD



- Made of translucent plastic—looks well with any apparel. Friction or clothing noise is less than with any of the old-fashioned fabric-covered cords.
- Slender, light in weight, infinitely smarter and more comfortable to wear. And it lasts longer.
- Perspiration-proof . . . water-proof . . . kink-proof . . . washable. Will not fray, wipes clean with damp cloth.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS

## Guarantees\* You a Clean, Comfortable Shave with NO RAZOR BURN!

YES, EASY-TO-SPREAD  
PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS  
SHAVE CREAM  
GUARANTEES\* YOU  
SMOOTH, COOL,  
PAINLESS SHAVES  
EVERY TIME! OR  
YOUR MONEY BACK!



**1** Palmolive Brushless spreads evenly—easily. Wilts whiskers like a flash. They come off clean. Leaves your face smooth, cool and comfortable.



**2** Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin so your razor simply glides along, without irritation, scraping or scratching—in other words, without Razor Burn.



**3** Throw away your shaving brush and get Palmolive Brushless in the big, money-saving jar. It guarantees a clean, comfortable shave every time.



### \* YOUR GUARANTEE OF NO RAZOR BURN

Buy Palmolive Brushless. Use it day after day. If you don't agree it gives you a clean, comfortable shave every time—with No Razor Burn—mail the carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we will immediately refund your money!

## THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(Continued from page 2)

The American Legion has consistently stood for since Pearl Harbor: No strike by employes, no lockout by an employer is in the public interest when the United States is at war. The Government has provided the machinery for settlement of differences between employer and employe groups, and work stoppages in war industry mean death and disablement for some Americans who otherwise would come back to their country in their full manly vigor. It's as simple as that.

The Kansas City National Convention of the Legion did not mince words on the duty of the home front to its fighting men. Here is the language it used in its "Declaration of War Principles":

"We call upon all of the people to demonstrate the same spirit of sacrifice and courage that is being evidenced by the service of our armed forces on the battlefronts of the world.

"To win this total war, industry, labor, agriculture and government must make comparable sacrifices.

"Persons, groups and organizations must not be permitted to use the war as a vehicle for their advantage.

"We regard strikes, cessation of work, lockouts and discrimination in employment as sabotage."

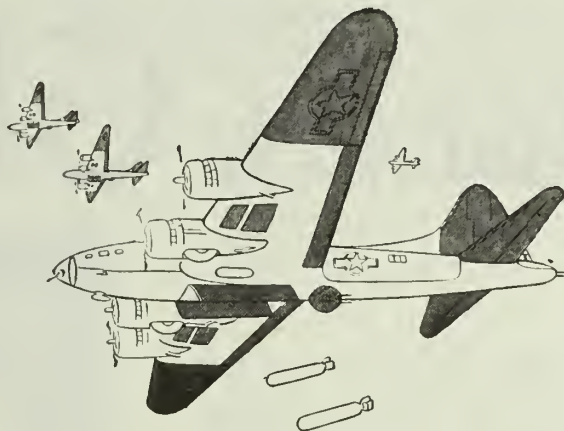
Read National Commander Atherton's stirring cablegram from New Guinea which we reproduce on page 6, and let every one of us highly resolve that from now on to victory support of our fighting men is the first business of every day and every hour, with *no* work stoppages.

If under the compelling psychology of this all-out fight, for the survival of everything we hold dear we can't end industrial disputes, what is going to become of us when, having smashed the Axis to smithereens, we start to build on victory the good life for every American? The leaders of labor and of industry have an opportunity to show a high order of statesmanship by drawing up plans before victory which will guarantee to the United States industrial peace after victory. Unless this is done victory will be Dead Sea fruit, and we shall be through as a great power.

ALEXANDER GARDINER

Send your magazine  
and the *National*  
*Legionnaire* overseas.

For details, see page 2.



# BRIGGS REPORTS

## on One Billion Dollars in War Orders

### —and how the money is being spent

During peacetime, Briggs Manufacturing Company is the Nation's largest independent automobile body manufacturer. In the war Briggs is devoting its peacetime skill to making bodies and parts for medium tanks and aircraft; also, bomber turrets, droppable gas tanks and non-ferrous castings.

Briggs war orders total approximately \$1,000,000,000. This money has been spent or is being spent as indicated in the box shown herewith. Percentages are based on distribution of Briggs 1943 sales dollar.

In 1943 Briggs did twice as large a dollar volume of business as it did in an average peacetime year. In 1943 Briggs delivered double the number of tank hulls delivered in 1942. In the same year Briggs delivered to the U. S. Army and Navy more than 22,500,000 pounds of airplane sections, as compared with 7,000,000 the year before. This included almost twice as many bomber fire-power turrets as in the previous year. Total shipments to date of airplane sections by Briggs exceed 45,000,000 pounds.

Earnings by Briggs hourly paid employees in 1943 averaged \$3,159.00. On December 31, 1943 there were 39,312 people on the Briggs payroll, of which 21,737 were men and 17,575 women. This is 48% greater than on December 31, 1942 when Briggs payroll was 26,401 people.

In the first five months of 1944, shipments of airframe

**53.6%** to about 40,000 employees for wages and salaries.

**0.2%** for executive salaries.

**32.1%** to some 2,000 subcontractors for materials, supplies and assemblies.

**1.9%** to stockholders for dividends.

**9.2%** for taxes.

**1.2%** for depreciation.

**1.2%** for reconversion expenses and other costs arising from the war.

**0.6%** left in the business.

sections, by Briggs, were at considerably greater monthly rates than during any other months since the war began. Production of tank hulls was almost equal to the 1943 rate. Deliveries of auxiliary gas tanks, for the first five months of this year, were 7 times the total for 1943, and shipments of aircraft fire-power turrets were at a rate almost twice that of last year.

Unless very extraordinary developments take place, Briggs 1944 war business should be equal to, or exceed, its record 1943 year.

During the war, Briggs has shown that experience in manufacturing good automobile bodies, plumbing ware and non-ferrous castings has enabled it to turn out good "bodies for bombers, fighters, tanks" and other war requirements. Briggs is

glad that it has been able to play an important part in the Nation's war effort. All of its facilities and energies will continue to be available to the Armed Forces until Victory has been won.

However, when Victory does come, Briggs is prepared to go about the job of reconversion with the same dispatch and intensity that it applied to the preparation for war, and, if it is allowed to do so, can go back into at least some peacetime production quickly.

W. O. BRIGGS  
Chairman of the Board

W. P. BROWN  
President



**BRIGGS  
MANUFACTURING  
COMPANY**  
DETROIT





**THE PACIFIC IS TERRIFIC.** Its waters are full of shoals and sharks. The earth of its million islands is full of water. Its air is saturated, too. Blinding rain alternates with blinding dust. It has mountains that are higher than Pike's Peak. Its swamps are low, vast and full of Japs. From Melbourne to Manus measures more than from Maine to Mexico. From Bougainville to Biak is as far as from Boston to Beaumont, Texas. When hell is full New Guinea will make it hot for late-comers.

MacArthur's men and Kenney's killers have moved in, leveled hills, drained swamps, suppressed disease, flown through soup, whipped the Nips, pushed the front 3,000 miles toward Tokyo.

Here men work and fight too. The limit of human endurance isn't the time clock. Days and hours are forgotten meters of fun and soft jobs that used to be. Today I took off from an airport bigger than Chicago's. The G.I.'s built it. Today I saw a port as busy as New York. The G.I.'s and Seabees' built its docks and dumps. We need the G.I. spirit of do or die on the home front. These same G.I.'s are killing Japs by the tens of thousands. They'll do it faster if you send them more of what it takes to win the war.

**Americans working, fighting, sacrificing their youth depend on you. Don't let them down.**

MacArthur's legions are fighting uphill. Put your shoulders to the wheel and push them over the hump to Japan and victory.

A black and white portrait of a man in a military uniform. He is wearing a dark cap with a white band and a circular emblem on the front. The word "CALIFORNIA" is visible on the front of the cap. He is wearing a dark jacket over a white shirt and a dark tie. The background is dark and textured.





## AN HONOR TO EVERYONE CONCERNED

● To have even a small part in a program which has encouraged three and one half million boys to play America's national game under Legion auspices, is an honor. The lessons in fair and honest sportsmanship which these boys have learned will help them all their lives . . . and help our

country. The many Ford dealers from coast to coast who have sponsored local Legion teams, and the Ford organization here at Dearborn, are sincerely proud to have had the opportunity to lend a hand in promoting this admirable activity of the American Legion.

*THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Dearborn, Michigan*





## Bearing up well

He's carrying quite a load but he's doing all right. And he's mighty grateful for your help — especially when Long Distance circuits are crowded.

Then the Long Distance operator may say — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes." Saving telephone time is important in wartime.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**





# MILLION-ITEM WALLOP

By MAJOR GENERAL LEROY LUTES

Director of Plans and Operations, Army Service Forces



**T**HIS is written on D plus 12, exactly twelve days after the American and British troops dropped out of the sky upon Normandy and our landing craft rolled up the beaches.

This early in the assault there are many things I'd like to tell about the plans and preparations for invasion which I dare not tell. But there's one fact I want to stress. It's one of the most important facts of the war.

When our men marched down those narrow English roads between the hedges and went aboard their boats that fateful night, they carried with them everything they needed to live and fight. Everything. Each man had on his person food and ammunition for twenty-four hours. Each unit was backed up by supplies and matériel that came ashore almost at the same time the men did, to last through two weeks of stiff fighting. And in the second wave came other supplies, other guns, ammunition, medical units, food and field kitchens to carry the show still farther.

So far as military planners could de-

## *The Invasion of Normandy Was a Triumph of Planning That Went Down to the Last Button*

termine in advance there wasn't a single missing item when the ships and the planes set off from the English coast that dark night. Today, more than a week after the start of the invasion, not a single request has come back to Washington for equipment or supplies that should have gone with the troops in the first place, or that ran short, or that failed. This goes for everything from bulldozers to blood plasma. Our men not only had enough weapons, but the best weapons ever made.

**Hats off to the heroic women operatives of Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland. Under highly hazardous conditions they reworked 25,000 artillery shells which Eisenhower said he needed for the invasion.**

**He got them**

I spent the six weeks before invasion checking over the supplies, making doubly sure that there was enough of everything

and that everything was in first class condition. Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, Commanding General of Army Service Forces and the man responsible for supplying the invasion army, sent me to England, to take this last-minute look-see.

General Somervell called me into his office the last week in March and said: "Get over to ETO right away. If Eisenhower's short on anything . . . anything from tent pegs to locomotives . . . cable me at once. We'll make up the shortages if they can be made up."

On April first I landed in England with a small staff of experts in various technical fields. General Eisenhower and his deputy, Lieutenant General John C. H. Lee, outlined their problems and listed the known shortages on that day, just two months before invasion. There were shortages, not many, but enough to spell catastrophe if we attempted a landing before they were filled.

*(Continued on page 40)*





In the shadows cast by the bedside lamp the curve of the old man's body seemed more sharply defined than ever

**T**HE big War Bond party at the Inlet Hotel located not far from Shalotte, North Carolina, was a whopping success. The food ran some kind of a gamut from Russian caviar, terrapin and baked Inlet oysters to Kansas City prime beef and Green Swamp plover. Whiskey and champagne flowed like the tides that bore up the Inlet from the sea. Everything was on the house. No wonder they raised close to two million dollars.

Not a little part of the success was due to the ministrations of Jeff. Lee Marion's old negro servant, major domo of Saltside, the imposing old mansion on the Inlet, a hundred yards from the hotel. His chief duty was to slake the thirst and look after the well-being of the members of the Inner Circle of big shots who stayed at Saltside by special invitation instead of at the hotel.

In addition to a genius for julep-making and a prodigious memory for gentlemen and their alcoholic tastes, Jeff was an ancient Southern Negro known as a "Type." Igor Semenov the fat movie director took one look at him and then boomed at Lee Marion, "Brodder, that's casting! If aver I'm making from this



# BLACKIE

by  
Paul Gallico

lousy South a peekture, I borrow him to me."

Igor's disposition and English were terrible, but his eye for detail was first class. Jeff had everything—the forward curve of age, the gleam of dental gold, the snow-white poll of kinky hair and the wrinkled friendly face that was shinier and darker even than the coat of Blackie, his flop-eared spaniel that was the love of his life, next to Marion.

Because each was the last of his line and felt the necessity of acknowledging the shades of a vanished era, Lee Marion pampered the old man's vanity by dressing him in dark blue tailed-coat with shining brass buttons, knee breeches and white stockings, and kept him happy by shouting for him or addressing him in the traditional manner, "Jeff, you black rascal, come here and bring me a drink." And Jeff would reply, "Yes SUH! Mistuh Lee, comin' . . . comin' . . ." Marion was calling for drinks a great deal more now because of the war, and his not being in it.

**L**EE MARION had inherited the Inlet Hotel from his father. With its sporty seaside 18-hole golf course hacked



*He was lop-eared and of uncertain ancestry, but to old Jeff only one other thing in the world was more important*

out of the dunes, tennis courts, riding paths, shooting preserves and salt water fishing it was a rich man's vacation paradise before the war.

There had been a Marion involved in the last five wars fought by the United States. Lee had damaged a tendon in his foot due to an old hunting accident and walked with a limp, so that was that. He grew thinner and more sardonic and drank greater quantities of whiskey, but in the meantime he did what he could.

The War Bond party was the last big bust before he turned Inlet Hotel over to the Government for a convalescent hospital. The bust was quite an idea. Marion selected one hundred of the Inlet Hotel's wealthiest clients of the past to come for an out-of-season week-end. Ticket of admission was a thousand-dollar War Bond. After that everything was free. Lee paid for it. The thousand-dollar bond was just the come-on. Jerry Sullivan, the star radio comedian, had been imported to run the big War Bond Auction Sunday night in which Lee was auctioning off his wine cellar, his aged brandies and whiskeys and a greater part of his family's possessions, a collection of rare and valuable antiques.

THE Inner Circle consisted of ten of Lee's personal friends and they came from all over the country. In addition to Semenov, it included men like Wesley Graham, the motor magnate from Detroit, and S. Cheever Hammond, the banker from Tuxedo Park, N. Y. They ran Jeff ragged lugging juleps, and he loved it.

But it was obvious that the conditions of the party, its magnitude and lavishness baffled Jeff somewhat. On Saturday evening when he was laying out Lee Marion's clothes and helping him climb into his boiled shirt, he said:

"This sho a fine party, Mistah Lee. De fines' people in de whole world is heah, I guess."

"Mmmmm."

"Dey gittin' all dis fine time an' vitlees for free?"

Lee Marion's sardonic mouth twisted into a smile that made his thin, sensitive face curiously bitter for one who still had youth. "Not so you could notice it. It's going to cost 'em plenty before they get out of here. . . ."

"Who goin' git all dat money?"

"Uncle."

"Uncle Abe?" Jeff's father had been a slave on the Marion plantation. In Jeff's family Abraham Lincoln had shared the Deity along with "The Lord."

"Sam," Lee Marion corrected curtly.

Jeff tried to get ideas clear in his woolly head. "Somebody payin' fo' all dese fixin's an' whiskey. . . ."

Lee Marion slid his arms into the shirt which Jeff was holding for him. "Uhuh!"

"Yes suh, Mistuh Lee." Pause. "What Uncle goin' do wit all dat money?"

"It's for the war."

"Ain' no wah heah, Mistah Lee. My pappy, he seen a wah."

Lee Marion's thin lips curled. He wrestled with his collar. "That's what we're trying to prevent."

Jeff shook his head, bewildered again. "I guess I'm jes' gettin' old. I don' understan' dis wah nohow. . . ."

Lee Marion turned his gray eyes on the old servant and then asked, "Jeff, what are you the proudest of?"

"I guess I'm proudest of bein' your niggah, Mistuh Lee."

"Don't lie to me, you black devil."

"Yes suh, Mistuh Lee. I reckon I'm

Illustrated by WALTER BIGGS, A.N.A.

proudest of I is free. Next after dat come bein' your niggah."

"That's what the war is about," said Lee Marion. "So we can all stay free." Then he spoke one more sentence but in a curiously altered tone, no longer patronizingly as one speaks to a child, or an old servant, but with the gravity of man speaking to man. "The Republic is in danger."

That night, or rather early Sunday morning, when Jeff put Lee Marion to bed as he always did, the old Negro made his offer. Marion was physically drunk but his mind retained the clarity to understand what was being said.

Jeff arranged the covers at the foot of the bed and set the nightcap of whiskey on the bedside table. "You raffin' off all you got fo' de wah tomorrow night, ain' you, Mistuh Lee?"

Lee Marion's mouth twitched. "Auction, not raffle."

"Yes suh, Mistuh Lee. I kinder wuz thinkin' I'd lak to put up Blackie in de raf—de auction. He sho a fine dog, Mis-

(Continued on page 32)



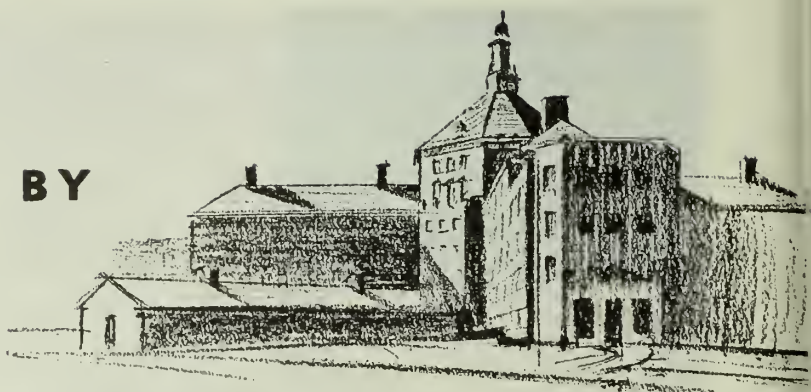
"No suh, Mr. Lee. I'm sorry. I won't take him back"



# Halloran

AS SEEN BY

ADOLPH  
TREIDLER.



The C. O. at Halloran, Brig. Gen. Ralph G. de Voe, Medical Corps. Under him, Halloran has achieved a high reputation for its efficient and understanding treatment of the men who have made a grim contribution to the victory their comrades bring nearer each day



Under the supervision of Aaron Kameny, T/4, this soldier, who sustained a brain injury, is regaining co-ordination through painting

Attractive, intelligent girls bring the telephones right to the bedside of the wounded men

**M**Y FIRST visit to Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island, just across the bay from Manhattan Island, New York, was on last Christmas Eve when I went there with several other members of the Society of Illustrators to make sketches of the wounded. I knew absolutely nothing about the hospital other than its location and that it was Army and not Navy.

We were taken over in a Red Cross Ambulance from New York, crowded in and unable to see anything. We were hustled out of the ambulance and into the Recreation Building in which are the auditorium, PX, Post Office and various sections having to do with recreation, reading, music, hobby rooms, and so on.

The recreation building was naturally a busy spot that night. Music and other rooms had been taken over as dressing quarters by various well known theatrical people who had been brought over by Ed Sullivan the newspaper columnist to take part in the holiday entertainment for the patients.

I was very much impressed by the tasteful decorations, paintings on the walls, gay furniture and draperies.

However, the thought came to me, wait until you get into the wards where the bed patients are—there won't be any pictures or pastel colors on the walls there. Everything cold, white and hard, with the old familiar hospital odor.

After some preliminaries our group was divided into two's and three's and put in charge of nurses, who took us to various buildings housing patients. It was during this walk from the Recreation Building to the hospital unit to which I had been assigned that I first realized something of the size of Halloran. In the darkness the silhouettes of numerous

large buildings covering what was apparently a large area could be seen.

And now for the cold, hard hospital wards with that old familiar odor. Well, I found that at Halloran it wasn't that way any more.

Here too there were pictures on the walls, Van Goghs, Degas, fine color prints of many of my favorite pictures, and originals too. I found later that many of the originals, with paintings and bronzes were on loan from the famous Metropolitan Museum in New York.

**A**ND in the ward I found a spirit no less gay than that which impressed me at the Recreation Building.

Telephones were brought to the beds

By use of the bicycle saw the patient is strengthening the muscles of his legs and back. Thicker and harder woods are used as the operator's strength increases, until he's cured





By knotting in an overhead position and pulling the cords tight, this patient gives his back muscles the workout they must have

Through use of this contraption this GI's forearm, whose shattered condition has been repaired through a bone graft, gets the exercise necessary to make it function as it did before he was wounded

of patients by pretty girls in uniforms with the well known blue bell insignia of the Telephone Company on their shoulders. Special telephone booths large enough to accommodate patients in wheel chairs were in the wards.

**R**IGHT here let me make a point: On that first visit I assumed more or less without thinking, that nurses, doctors, Red Cross, Gray Ladies and other aids were making a special effort to be cheerful because of the holiday. I found on later visits, however, that the attitude and atmosphere that so impressed me then is the normal state of affairs there.

A few facts. Halloran is named after the late Colonel Paul Stacy Halloran, Medical Corps, U. S. Army. It is one of the largest Army hospitals in the country, and though completely new was not built by the Army. It was built by the State of New York as a hospital for mentally defective children but was never used for that purpose, its completion, fortunately for its present occupants, coinciding with the beginning of the war.

Today there are more than 100 buildings at Halloran, including the original



Miss Marguerite Sieverman, O.R.T., Chief of Occupational Therapy at Halloran

26 buildings of fireproof brick and concrete construction, plus various temporary buildings erected since the Army took over. The area covered is 383 acres. I am going to ask the reader to take for granted the splendid medical and surgical facilities.

Halloran as its full name implies is a general hospital in every way, but due to its location at our greatest port of entry it is also a receiving and evacuation center.

The patients divide roughly into two groups. Those whose homes are in or near New York and those who live in various other localities throughout the country.



The Red Cross Gray Lady, expert in recreational therapy, is helping the soldier to fashion leather

For those who live in or near New York it is a general hospital at which they stay until they are discharged or go back into active service.

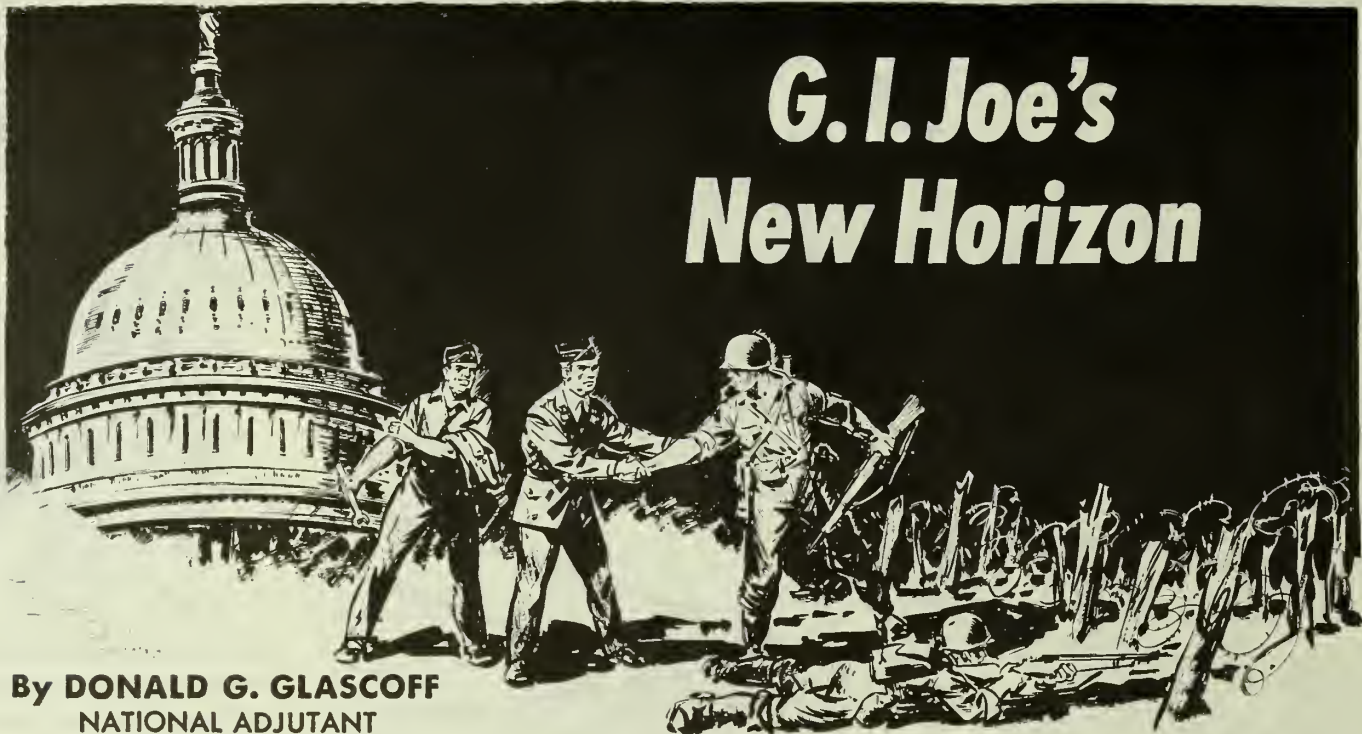
**O**N the other hand, patients who live at more distant points usually make rather short stays at Halloran, it being government policy to evacuate the wounded and ill to hospitals nearer their homes as quickly as possible.

Naturally the mental attitude of the two groups varies greatly. The New York boys are home. Those well enough to do so can visit their homes, and their families can visit them at Halloran.

Another and most important thing,  
(Continued on page 44)



# G. I. Joe's New Horizon



By **DONALD G. GLASCOFF**  
NATIONAL ADJUTANT  
THE AMERICAN LEGION

**A**MERICA'S fighting men today on the battlefields of Europe and the far Pacific, as

well as other places where they are serving Uncle Sam, are forever looking beyond the horizon—because there lie Berlin and Tokyo and VICTORY.

Beyond the horizon they see pictures, too—fond pictures they alone can see, dreams they hope will shape a bright tomorrow. They have a right to those dreams. The stuff of which their dreams are made are the things they are fighting for.

They have a right to see them fulfilled. They are entitled to expect their investment in victory—hardships, sweat and blood, uncertainty and terror—to bring them the fruits of peace: comfort, happiness and security for their loved ones and themselves.

And so during the lulls in battles they are dreaming of these: a summer at home, arms around their best girl, an end to hard days and harsher living, and a job in a brave new world of opportunity, American style.

On June 22, 1944, substance was given to their dreams. On that day the President signed The American Legion G.I. Bill of Rights for World War II veterans.\*

Upon that date by the stroke of his pen the nation's chief executive brought into sharp focus the hazy region in which dwelt all their dreams—the land of tomorrow's promise—G. I. Joe's new horizon.

*What the "Bill of Rights," now enacted into law, means to the men and women now in Uncle Sam's uniform*

**B**Y THAT one act the President placed the veterans of this war 25 years ahead legislatively of where the veterans of the last war were when they came home. Under the G.I. Bill of Rights law, G.I. Joe, the 1944 counterpart of Johnny Doughboy of 1918-19, has open to him such opportunities as the nation's fighting men of all other wars never dared to imagine in their fondest flights of fancy.

It isn't that this new law which the 78th Congress passed after six months of hard campaigning by The American Legion will repay a man for the fighting and sacrificing which he did. Not at all. Money can't repay that kind of a debt.

**B**UT this law does go a long way toward giving G.I. Joe the very things for which he fought, and to which every American aspires—the opportunity to get ahead by his own efforts and ability, unhampered by private or government compulsion. That is quite a contrast to the deal that Johnny got after the last war.

Johnny was hustled off a transport, packed into a train, and speeded off to a camp where in due time he was mustered out of service, given a discharge, handed his railroad fare home and a \$60 federal bonus and turned loose to shift for himself.

After his one brief moment of glory in a victory homecoming parade, Johnny became overnight a forgotten man. Yet he was fortunate compared with the fel-

low who lost an arm, or a leg, or his sight, or whose nerves were shattered by the impact of battle. Johnny was only

economically disabled. The battle casualties were physically and mentally crippled as well as economically wrecked. There were few and very meager provisions for the physically disabled and none at all to speak of for the men who returned fit for work.

Charter members of The American Legion were horrified back in 1919-20 by reports that disabled men were lodged in jails, almshouses and asylums because there were no bed facilities for them; that war widows and orphans were neglected; and by the total lack of preparedness for the re-integration of the fighting men back into civilian life. That's how the great rehabilitation and legislative programs of The American Legion were born, to remedy these shocking conditions, and assure proper care for those for whom the war did not end with the Armistice. Through its activities over 25 years The American Legion was responsible for the building of the great structure of beneficial veterans' legislation and the world's best equipped veterans' hospitals. Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, knew whereof he spoke when he said:

"The U. S. Veterans Administration is The American Legion's greatest monument."

He was speaking then of the one-war American Legion. The G.I. Bill of Rights will be a monument to the new, two-war American Legion.

All the breaks for World War Two veterans guaranteed by the G.I. Bill of  
(Continued on page 37)

\* For full details of the bill, including the dramatic chronology of its passage through Congress, see the July issue of the *National Legionnaire*.





They applauded Nazi frightfulness. And they still support Hitler with fanatic zeal

**T**ODAY, as in World War I, most Americans are convinced that there is a vast difference between the German people and their Nazi leaders. It is widely believed both here and in England that the overwhelming majority of Germans are all right as people, but that unfortunately in modern times they have been victimized by their rulers—the Hohenzollern kings, the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, and last of all, by Hitler and his Nazi gangsters.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

The truth is that the German people have never had, in modern times, a regime more typical of its aspirations and character than that of the Nazis.

*Straight from the shoulder  
stuff on how to handle the  
Germans after Victory, by  
the author of the famous  
"Berlin Diary"*

## Soft Peace = World War III

By WILLIAM L. SHIRER

Do you think that the Nazis could have over-run most of Europe, driven to the Volga, and almost knocked Russia and Great Britain out of the war, without the active, loyal, whole-hearted and fanatical support of the overwhelming majority of the German people? It is utter naïvete or stupidity—or both—to think that the great effort of Germany in this war could be wrung from an unwilling nation, even by Himmler-Gestapo terrorist means.

And yet, on the eve of invasion, with defeat and collapse staring them in the face, the Germans, I believe, are counting on our political naïvete and ignorance, our tremendous conservatism, our outlandish fear of chaos and "socialism" in Europe and on our innate love of "fair play" to spare them the awful consequences of the lost war they so blithely started.

Above all, I believe, they calculate that the power of American public opin-

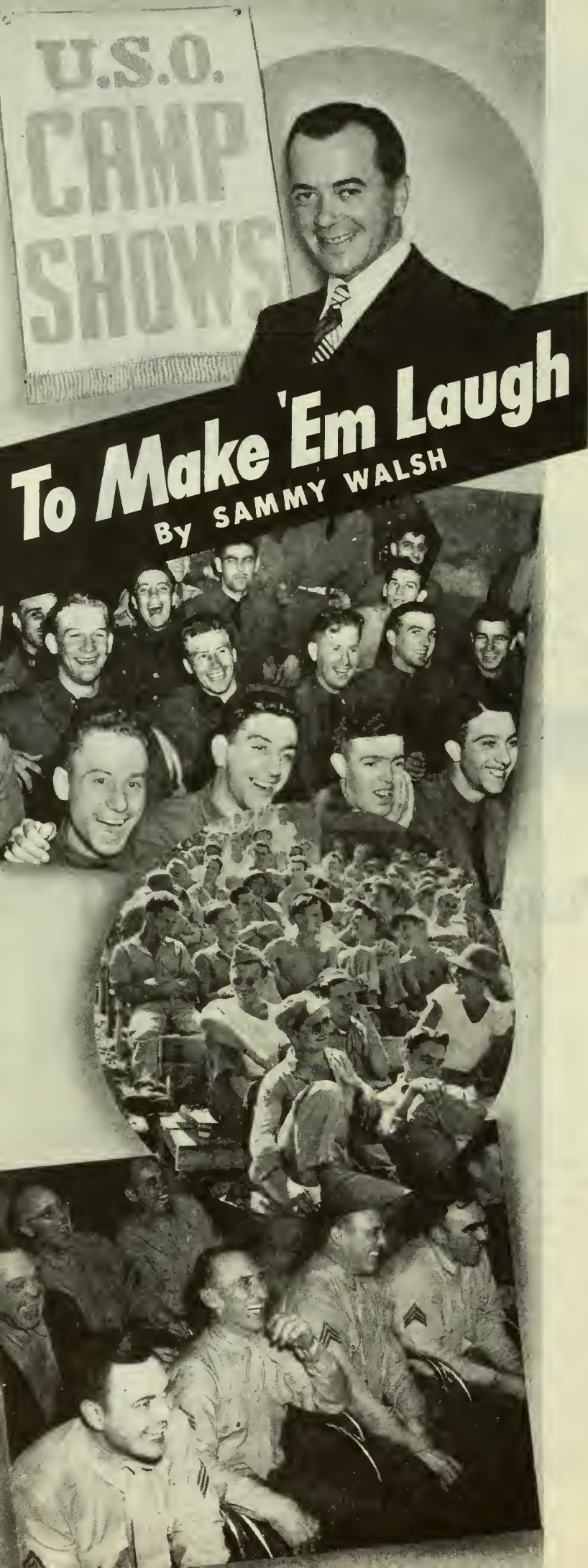
ion will contribute to the achievement of a soft peace.

Last month, the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver found in a nation-wide survey that sixty-four percent of the American people thought that the German people would like to get rid of their Nazi leaders, while fifty-three percent were sure that it was impossible for the Germans to get rid of the Nazis even if they wanted to.

There is an obvious danger in this kind of thinking. Getting rid of Hitler and his Nazi stooges will no more solve the problem of German aggression than chasing the Kaiser did in 1918. Only when Americans understand the role of other powerful elements in the German nation—the Junkers, the heavy industrialists, the Pan-German intellectuals—and the fact that the mass of the German people have supported Hitler's

(Continued on page 37)





*The entertainment world has done a grand job of bringing a touch of home to our men overseas. Sammy's is a heart-warming report of one of these troupers . . . himself*

**I** MET a guy on Broadway the other day. He's a good entertainer and a guy I used to like.

"What's cookin' with you, Sammy?" he asked.

"I've been out East for USO-Camp Shows," I told him. "Just got back."

"I'd like to take a crack at that, myself," he said. "But I hear they pay off in peanuts, and my agent just booked me into the Whatzis Club at 500 smackers."

"Congratulations," I told him, "but my pay-off isn't the kind they can write on a check at the end of the week. It's a kind of cash you wouldn't know about."

"You're nuts," he said. "I've got a family to support. I'm 4F. And I buy War Bonds. I do plenty."

Thank God, there aren't many guys like that in show business. Personally, I don't know how he lives with himself. But then, he's never had the kick that comes from the grins of a dozen smashed-up lads in a hospital ward 3000 miles from home, when you throw the whole Joe Miller book at 'em. He wouldn't know what it's like to hear belly-laughs roll up from ten or twelve thousand G.I.'s sitting out in an open field, or the thrill, after you've given a show for a bunch of tired youngsters who are set for a bombing mission the next day, of having an old-line commanding officer come up and say: "I've always thought this entertainment business was coddling. But you've done something for my boys tonight that nothing could duplicate. I want to salute every one of you."

No, that guy wouldn't know about such things. But Brother, that's pay!

I've been at it now for nearly a year and a half, in Italy, Sardinia, Middle East, North and Central Africa, Newfoundland, South America, Bermuda and the Caribbean area. From February through May I was in Australia, New Guinea and the Admiralty Islands. I figure I've flown over 100,000 miles; this last trip ran to 30,000.

**A**S Freddie March tagged it, when we were on that Africa, Iran, Italy swing in those bucket seats on the transport planes, it's been "sideways across the world." I've got a pasted up "short snorter" bill 15 feet long, and it's loaded with names like MacArthur, Eisenhower, Doolittle, MacNider and Hap Arnold. That's another pay-off nobody can take away from me when this war is over. I wouldn't have missed a mile or a day of it.

Don't get the idea I claim any credit. There are hundreds like me, big and little, doing the same job. There ought to be, and will be, hundreds more on the morale-building shift, because the Special Service Divisions of both the Army and Navy are plenty aware that not only the boys in the supply service get restless and need the entertainment lift, but I've had medicos tell me that many of the lads who are back between sessions in the lines would become psycho cases without it. If the last is so, then the least any entertainer can do is to volunteer to get in there and pitch. I don't (Continued on page 30)



# "DRIVERS—Man Your Buses"



## ... and a great land fleet rolls into action for the Navy

Aboard warships on the sea routes to Tokyo, these ringing commands send fighting men into action ...

*"Pilots, man your planes!"*

*"Gunners, man your stations!"*

And in one of America's great naval shipyards, still another call tells of an urgent war job to be done ...

*"Drivers, man your buses!"*

Three times a day the dispatcher's signal is heard, as thousands of workers change shifts at this immense center of naval might. Swiftly, smoothly, one after another, the buses roll ... carrying workers to and from their homes in scores of cities, towns and villages near and far.

It's the Navy's bus fleet ... and the Navy has recruited the accumulated skill and experience of America's intercity bus operators to plan and

direct its split-second operation. This and similar jobs for the Armed Forces, entrusted to intercity bus lines, point up the tremendous importance of highway transportation in wartime.

These special assignments can be handled by no other form of public transportation, because they call for flexible, mobile units that can go anywhere, anytime, over any route ... directly to highway points where people live and work.

At the same time, intercity bus lines are maintaining regular, scheduled service to all the war-busy places in America ... serving the nation with convenient, low-cost transportation at the record-breaking rate of 963 million passengers in 1943!

Wherever manpower must move by highway, there "drivers man their buses"—and there *the highways work for victory!*

## MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The War Bonds you buy mean  
security for your country and you  
*Invest Again Today!*



"Old Trouper"—2 words that mean greatness



2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"

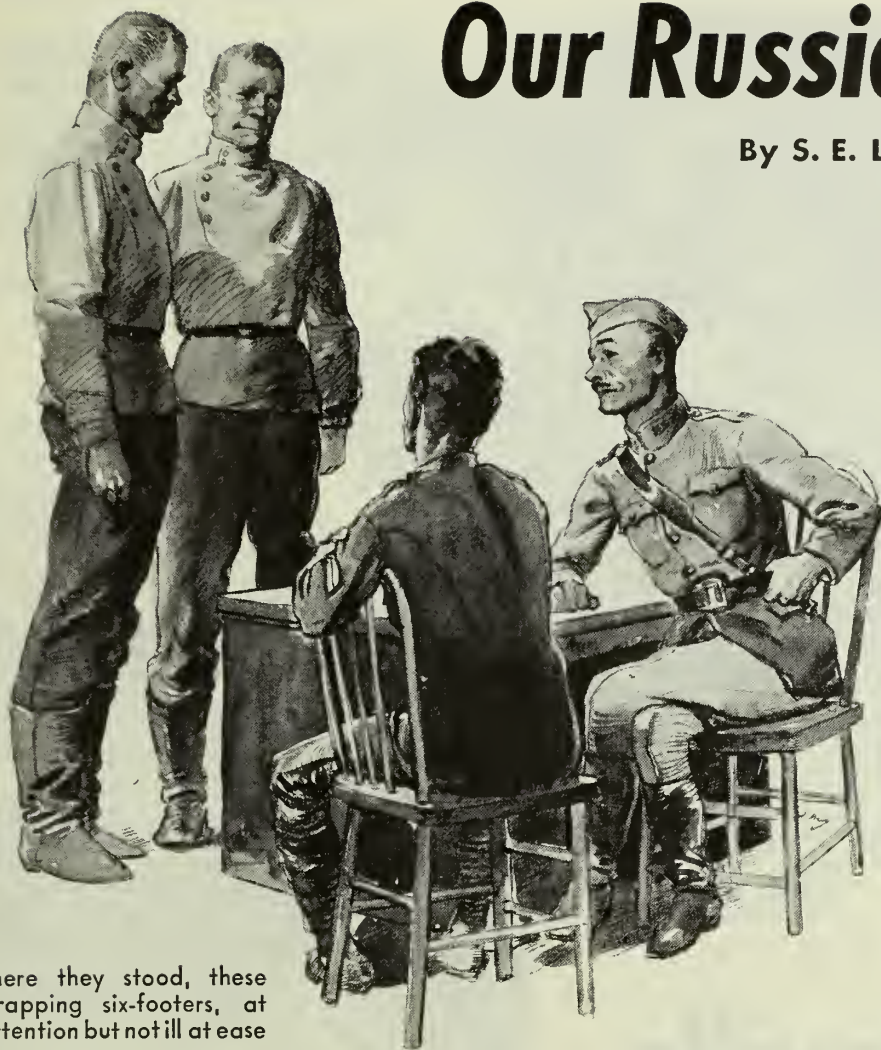


*Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.*



# Our Russians of 1918

By S. E. LAWRENCE



There they stood, these strapping six-footers, at attention but not ill at ease

ONE morning in the Fall of 1918 the regular report was being made at Camp Grigny where several hundred American volunteer engineers were busy at many things as well as operating boats and barges on the rivers and canals of Northern France. The C. O. was giving the C. O. a report of what had happened since he turned in the night before.

"Any prisoners?"

"Yes, sir; two Germans—picked up helping themselves to supplies from American freight cars."

The "Germans" proved to be Russians. Brought before the C. O., they stood, two strapping six-footers, at attention, but in no wise ill at ease. Questioning developed that after their capture on the Eastern Front they had been sent to the Western, and had been set to work repairing front-line trenches—with Boche rifles behind and French 75's facing them.

Deciding they'd risk the 75's, one rainy, muddy night they slithered across No Man's Land and surrender to the French. It was just about the time Russia, under Lenin and Trotsky, had signed an ignominious peace with the krauts, and they didn't get a warm welcome. So, once again they slipped away, and after many hair raising adventures

fell into our hands. You may get an idea of the kind of guys they were when I tell you that in a few days we were calling one of them John, and the other one Nick.

The rules said Russians had to be sent to a certain town if, as and when they fell into our hands, and so eventually the two had been taken down a road, given a boot in the proper place, and told to make themselves scarce.

Next time the prison sergeant made a round of the bullpen—next morning in fact—there much to his surprise were the Russians back in the barbed wire enclosure.

"Sergeant," said the C. O. when this was called to his attention, "didn't I tell you to take those two big Russians down the road."

"Yes, sir, but this morning about four o'clock they came back and asked to come back in the bullpen, and it was cold. . . ."

"Well, O. K., O. K." The C. O. didn't know what else to say and he, after all, couldn't help but feel as the guard—and for that matter, the men—felt toward them.

After about thirty days more it was obvious that something should be done. By that time they were part and parcel of the camp. So why not? The C. O. sent

The Germans took them prisoner in the East, but eventually the Americans got them on the Western Front. They liked us and we liked them

Illustrated by HERB STOOPS

them to the supply officer, who put American uniforms on them—let it be recorded here that while the Boche pants, boots and caps were gleefully burned, the Russian blouses were not.

Our Armenian tailor, Amezzuca, refitted their uniforms and when payday came a cap went around and no Russian soldiers ever got that much pay. The men all liked their unfailing good nature, untiring energy, cleanliness and spirit.

That was only the beginning of months of association. In a few short weeks Nick, an armorer in his old Czarist outfit, had practically taken over the camp supply office, where he was assigned to Sergeant Hild, and John was right bower to Master Sergeant Hanson, the camp carpenter.

Mutual regard and respect grew. They moved when we moved, and when at last it came time to go back to the States they were told that laws and regulations would not permit them to go with us to the U. S. A. Did that stop them? Not so you could notice it. When a call was made for volunteer crews to take tugboats back to America on their own they shipped up with some of their buddies under Lieutenant Rotch, as mess men, and we shut our eyes. When their tug made a pierhead landing at Hoboken where the 57th Engineers had started from over two years before, they realized their ambition to come to America, be free men among their friends, and find a new hope and home.

Space and paper shortage forbids the telling of a real story of how step by step, going to night school, saving, working, rearing a family, they did in this generation what your forebears and mine did more generations ago. John is a highly respected citizen of a northern State—has reared a fine family of eight, and they are doing their part in this war for their country, even as your boys and girls are.

Nick's daughter—as fine and as beautiful a young woman as this country affords—is a confidential secretary to a man known to all of us: She will complete her college course after the war.

Of such stuff is America made.





# Bougainville Bursts

By J. M. TUCKER

His tracers guided  
the tank to the pillbox

THE battle casualties lie tired in their hospital bunks and wince momentarily as the barrage of artillery opens up with a sudden roar. Our guns are emplaced nearby, and the first concussions smack the eardrums like a hammer. The big tent vibrates slightly. Shells whistle angrily as they start their mortal mission on Jap installations beyond the jungled hills. Fierce muzzle blasts belch in the black night, and you think:

"Thank God I'm not a Jap out there in the stinking jungles tonight. They must be catching hell."

The faint clickety-clack of our machine-gun fire can be heard now in the

distance, out near the barbed-wire rim of the American's perimeter. By listening hard, you can hear the even fainter *whu-u-ump!* of our artillery shells as, having attained the zenith of their trajectory, they descend with a dull explosion on the hapless, fearful enemy.

In the ward tent, an aid man moves quietly along the dirt aisle, popping a thermometer into a patient's mouth, administering a sleeping tablet to the corporal with the shattered thigh. The fat jungle flies, busy and curious and aggravating all through the hot day, drowse along the tent's sides. Tree toads bark. A bird sings. The furry little banana bears huddle in the tall trees, and a

patient says in a southern drawl:

"Ah sure hope Charlie stays home to-night. Ah ain't aimin' to climb outta this bunk into no foxhole. Ah'm a sleepy man." Charlie is the soldier's name for Jap bombers.

"What do you want, all this and heaven too?" inquires a sarcastic voice.

"Just lemme sleep, that's all," says the Southerner. "Ain't been in a real bed with sheets and pillow for a long time. Man, this is good!"

"You ain't just a-kiddin', son," says a Pennsylvanian from the Nanticoke coal region. "A bed ain't a bed 'less it's got the fixin's on it."

Let's go behind the scenes in this par-



Something about the price our  
men pay as they fight their way  
toward the heart of Japan.



"I swung a haymaker and he let one go at the same time"

from Michigan. He lies on his canvas cot kidding about a girl back home in Michigan. To hear him bandy repartee, you might reasonably assume that there can't be much wrong with him. But look a little closer. That left eye is gone. Shot out clean by a Jap .25 calibre rifle bullet. Sideways through his right chest is another bullet hole. And in his black-haired head is the scar of still another wound, a memento of Guadalcanal.

We chew the fat with the stocky, good-looking soldier for a few minutes, and finally out comes his story, told in matter-of-fact language as though he were explaining, quite objectively, how his car broke down.

"We were in this tank battle, see?" he says. "I mean we were using tanks along with the infantry to see what they

could do against the Nips. The tanks moved in across the mouth of the Torokina River and lined up, fifteen yards apart. Some were in the jungle and some were in the open flats. Then the battle started and it sure sounded like all hell busted loose.

"Wasn't long before one of the tanks got hit. Bad. She started to blaze up and two guys come tearing out of her turret like they was being chased by hornets. The other two guys inside couldn't make it. They got halfway out of the turret, but they were bleeding and half-conscious, and finally both of them just kind of fell over the turret. Pretty soon we couldn't see them because of the flames.

"I was flat on my stomach nearby, so I ran over and helped get the first

(Continued on page 46)



ticular field hospital of the veteran American Division. The picture is not very pretty. It is not intended to be. Typical of most such hospitals in the fighting zones, it affords a realistic appreciation of the tragedy and intensely personal side of the war. We say personal because, until a man is actually hit in combat and has to battle for his life, he does not sense completely the full and vicious impact of the realization that somebody has tried to kill him and, failing that, has caused him pain and the suddenly concrete fear of possible death.

Consider the case of a staff sergeant



They carried the four men back through murderous Jap fire



# Don't Say "It's the War"!

By LOUIS DE GARMO

A bow of appreciation to those gallant souls who refuse to hide their mistakes behind the day's Number One Alibi



A small-minded person would have made a fuss over the tickets, but this conductor wasn't that kind

**D**URING World War I, it didn't take the Yanks very long to discover that the philosophical Frenchman, in his own inimitable manner, had a simple and naive answer for evading possible *personal* responsibility on any or all problems of the moment, no matter how large or small. We very soon learned to expect, that whether a crate of eggs was smashed, twins were born, a car blew a tire and turned over, or a plane was shot down, depend upon it that the Frenchman, or French en masse, who might be present, could be expected to dismiss the incident with a simple shrug of the shoulders and the apt, glib phrase, "C'est la guerre."

Yup, it was the war, and nothing could be done about it—at least from the Gallic point of view. But to-day, if there's one thing that gets this weary traveler nauseated, it's to find supposedly hard-headed Americans, of the same ilk who were first to criticize the French of World War I, living symbolically this same "C'est la guerre" attitude which

they themselves had derided vigorously, and with such scorn. It's becoming a casual alibi without ever using the phrase—it's becoming an excuse with but very little concrete reason—and it seems about time for real people—real Americans—to recognize it as such, scorn to use it, and refuse to accept it, before we too end up in that frame of mind which alone resulted in the fall of France.

It is just as serious as that—yes, my compatriots—for even if we appear to be on the road to Victory, remember that every minute by which we shorten this journey, we are saving the lives of loved ones.

Sure, it's harder to travel anywhere—everywhere—and how many of us have no earthly right or reason to travel at this time? Of course everyday foods which are the life blood of our fighting forces are not so easy to get as formerly; naturally, all products cost considerably more; obviously there's a shortage of luxuries, so called, though we've been coddled for years in the everyday use of

delicacies that have been the awe and envy of other nations at their peace-time best. Now let's take a cold look at facts.

About a month ago my wife and I spent a weekend in a very important mid-west town, in a hotel that is rated as one of the finest in America. During our stay the chambermaid, who we learned had been there for many years, started walking out before our very eyes with my wife's electric iron, coyly hidden under a towel. When stopped she gave the naive answer she "thought it belonged to the people who left before us." We queried, then why the towel? Your chronicler asked to have a pair of trousers pressed by the valet in this same hostelry—and was told that it would take some hours "because the elevators were very busy on account of the war," and click went the phone without a second's delay on the part of the valet department. These same elevators were no busier by 10 percent than at any time during the last ten years, according to the starter with whom I've had a long chat. When we checked out I left my "specs" on the dresser—sheer carelessness, I'll admit—but my wife and I both happened to remember, so I phoned from the station fifteen minutes later. Nobody saw them—nobody could do anything—fifteen bucks gone to waste. My protest to the manager (an old friend) when I saw him later with my simple complaints was a shrug and, "We're sorry—what can we do? There's a war on."

Time goes apace—another week in another city, a seething mass of humanity around us—America's greatest center of the moment for Waves, Wacs, wacky soldiers, aviators and what have you. But four days of service in a packed hotel that left no criticism from anybody but a crab! Everything top hole? By no means, but courtesy from all the help, laundry finished in twenty-four hours, and good; suit pressed and hung in the closet during dinner hour, if you please, a mistake of one dollar on the bill corrected without argument, and so help me

(Continued on page 30)



# "Biscuit-Bombing" in Burma

By FRED B. BARTON

In our August, 1943 issue Fred Barton told how the Army was training airmen to pinpoint the dropping of supplies by parachute to troops who could be reached in no other way. Here's the payoff of that training, in actual combat

Dry Brush Drawing by CARL PFEUFER

*By airmail from China*

LIEUTENANT Jerry B. Kain, 22, from Chehalis, Washington, climbed into the pilot's seat. The crew chief had already warmed up the engines. The load—a strange assortment of stout burlap sacks and heavily-roped containers—was sprawled in two long narrow piles along the cabin of the C-47. Behind and under us was India. To our left was China. To our right, just beyond the mountains, lay American fighters in Burma.

The plane was thrifty with its runway. Less than half the asphalt had spun under our three rubber wheels when we took the air. We were off on a food-dropping mission, the second that day out of three to be made by this plane and crew.

Our objective was "Target No. 33." Where that is, you'd have to ask "Uncle Joe" Stilwell. Several other people know, but the Army rules will not permit them to tell.

Rain dropped away behind us as we climbed up and above 5,000-foot altitude. We would be dropping down later into a valley, I was to learn, but at this one point we needed height to give us safety from the mountains. Pilot Jerry Kain pushed an inquisitive peak back to a safe distance with a flip of his left aileron.

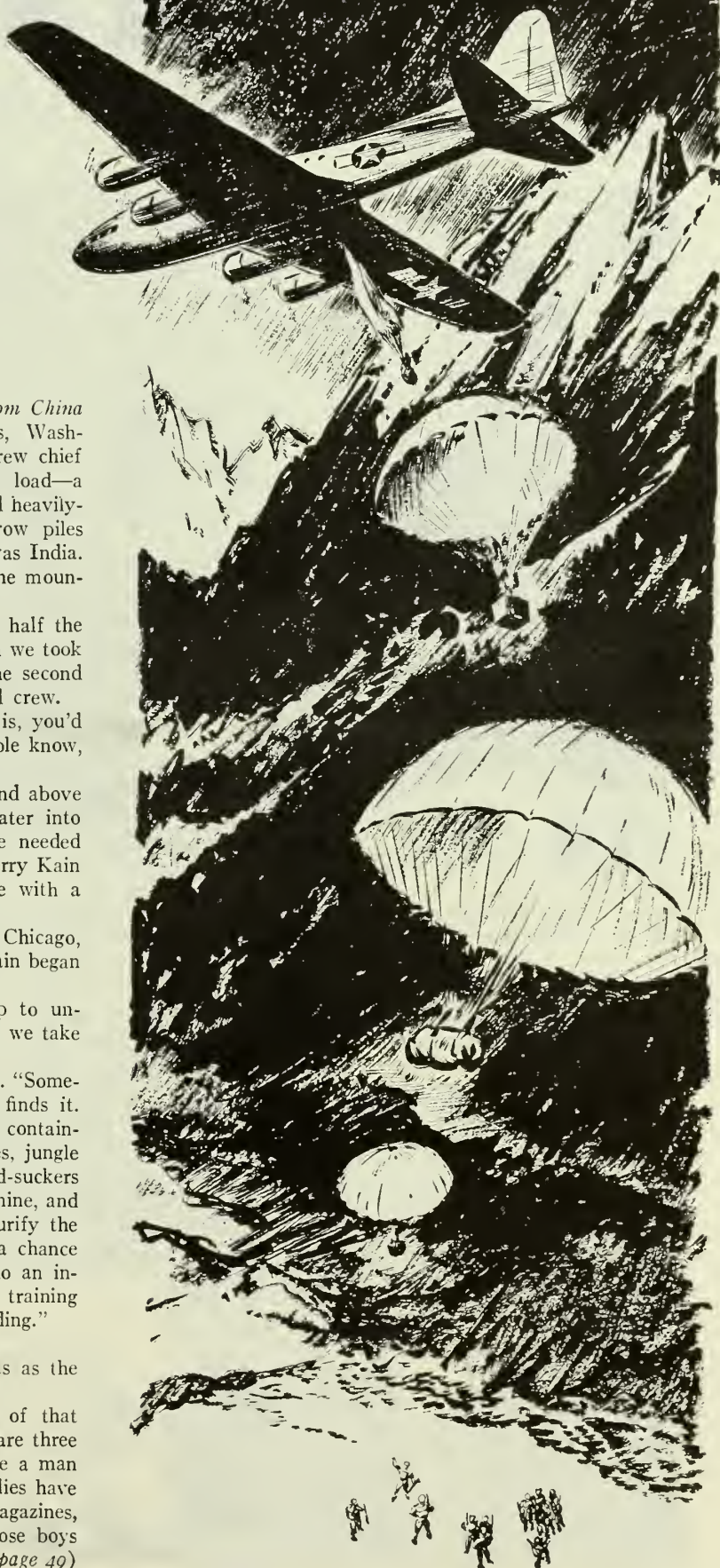
Lieutenant Martin E. O'Malley, 24, co-pilot from Chicago, let me have his cushioned chair for a while. Jerry Kain began to point out the scenery to me.

"Here's a landing-strip where sometimes we drop to unload wounded men," he said tersely. "At other times we take them clear back to the base hospital."

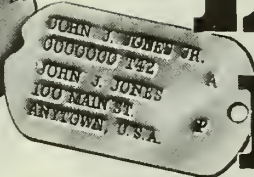
"Now we're over the jungle," he went on presently. "Sometimes a plane drops down there and nobody ever finds it. Perhaps the men walk out—we all carry a jungle-kit containing a big knife to cut a path with through the bushes, jungle medicine including salt to make the leeches and blood-suckers let go when they enter your skin, insect repellent, quinine, and dehydrated rations as well as chlorinating pills to purify the water in your canteen. But you don't always have a chance to walk out. And while the Army's rescue outfits do an incredible job of flying into the jungle with L-5's or training cubs, there isn't much they can do after a crash landing."

WE chewed on that silently for a few moments as the plane continued to grind through the air.

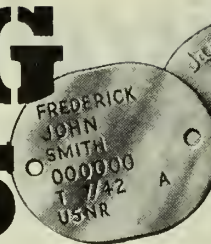
"Here's an airplane warning station, up on top of that peak," said Kain presently. "Some of these outposts are three weeks' journey from the end of the jeep trail. Once a man is stationed there, or a group of three men, all supplies have to be delivered by parachute. We bring them food, magazines, mail, even an occasional can of American beer. Those boys win my admiration. They have one of (Continued on page 49)



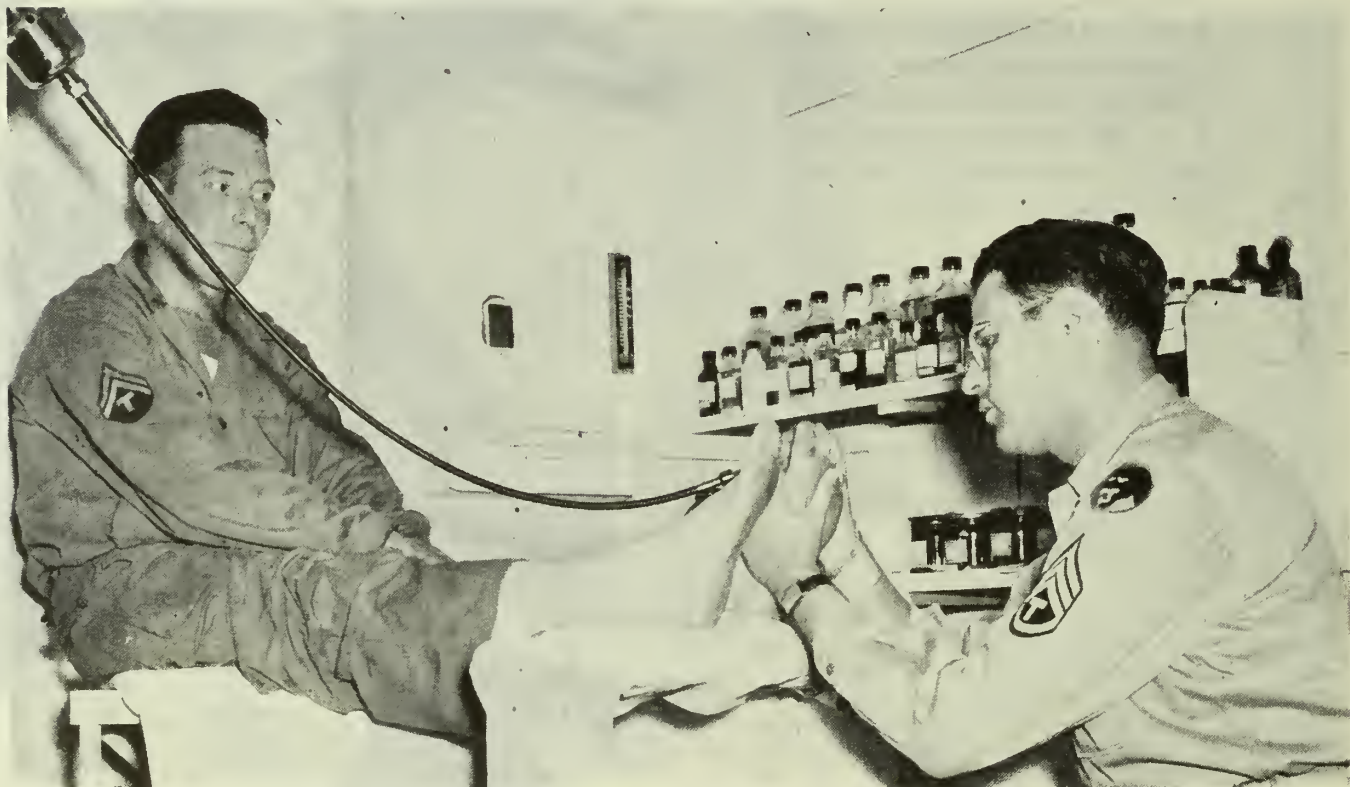




# DOG TAG DOINGS



News and Views of Today's GI's around the Globe



Motorized or not, the old dogs still carry the infantryman to victory. T/3 Elliott Bernstein, chiroprapist of the 64th Panther Division, Camp Rucker, Alabama, gives relief to Corporal Maurice Garver

**M**OTORIZED and mechanized. That generalized description of our Army of today aroused more than a little envy in the minds of foot-slogging veterans of a quarter-century ago who, like the Company Clerk, have to stand on the sidelines during this worldwide war. Jeeps and peeps, trucks and ducks, alligators, planes, gliders and parachutes, and innumerable other means of transportation all gave the impression that this is a "riding" war. But once the Infantry got into action and began to receive belated recognition, it all boiled down to the same old situation: GI Joe still has to depend upon the old dogs as the ultimate means of locomotion.

This department wonders if a modernized version of a famous First World War song, which made its bow at

the Plattsburg (New York) Training Camp for Officers during 1917, has been revived by the foot soldiers of today. The chorus went something like this:

*"Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back, nor the Springfield on your shoulder; nor the five-inch crust of khaki-colored dust that makes you feel your limbs are growing older. And it's not the hike on the hard turn-pike that wipes away your smile; nor the socks of sister's that raise the bloomin' blisters—it's the last, long mile."*

In the final analysis, therefore, the

dogs of Dogface Joe again need special attention now that the old, non-glorified Infantryman is pushing forward into France toward his ultimate goal of Berlin, shoving the Nazis around in Italy, and chasing the Japs in Burma and on many Southwest Pacific islands.

Lieutenant Johns H. Harrington, Headquarters, 264th Infantry, Camp Rucker, Alabama, steps forward with the photograph above, and the following story of how this vital need is met in his outfit:

A plaintive buck private hobbled over to Sergeant Elliott Bernstein, chiroprapist, at the 264th Infantry dispensary one day and complained about his foot.

"But I just saw you running up here," interjected the pedaler-externity specialist.

"Yes," countered the







**Unexpected reunion of a flying family—Lt. Col. Warner Corey and his three sons, all Air Force men, at Bolling Field, Washington, D. C.**

soldier, "but I only limp when I get indoors."

As doubtful as this explanation sounded, Bernstein did discover from an X-ray that the GI had a fractured bone in one foot. It was only one of the cases he has handled since he jumped in less than a year from an assistant clerk in the regimental dispensary, where he was the first recruit, to chiropodist of the entire 66th (Panther) Division with the pedal destinies of some 12,000 men in his hands.

The story begins when Bernstein was assigned to the 264th Infantry at the time the 66th was activated under Major General H. F. Kramer in April, 1943, at Camp Blanding, Florida. On the surface just another GI, he was a doctor of chiropody from Northwestern and an alumnus of Temple and Penn. In Bernstein's own regiment, the 264th, foot troubles decreased from 64 percent to 3 percent. One of his greatest tasks was to service the feet of officers and men of the Division who underwent ranger training at Camp Blanding.

Not only has "Doc" Bernstein been able to cure many cases, but he has also made the men more foot conscious, and with medical officers has assisted in other preventative measures, such as maintaining cleanliness of showers where ringworm and athlete's foot sometimes prevail.

The 22-year-old sergeant, whose home is in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, attended a surgeon's technician's course at O'Reilly General Hospital and returned to his official-unofficial assignment. Major Frank W. Riley, regimental surgeon of the 264th Infantry Regiment, sums up the chiropodist's work with this comment: "The Navy keeps the ships sailing, the Air Corps keeps the planes flying, and, in the Infantry, Bernstein keeps the soldiers walking."

The accompanying photograph is an official 66th Panther Division Signal Photo and shows T/3 Bernstein, in his capacity as chiropodist of the Division, examining the feet of Corporal Maurice Garver of Hagerstown, Maryland.

**WE ASKED** for it—and we got it! Meaning constructive criticism of the drawn Army and Navy dog tags which decorate the title of this department. In the April issue we openly admitted that this Company Clerk and the magazine's Art Director, both infantrymen in the earlier war, weren't assured that the Navy dog tag of the First World War as shown was an authentic reproduction. From ex-gob G. R. Davis of 164 Milk Street, Boston 9, Massachusetts, member of Navy Post, came this comment:

With reference to the drawn dog tags in the heading of your department, I still have mine and find they are a trifle different from the Navy tag pictured.

My tag carries my name, date of enlistment, date of birth and branch of service—in my case, USNRF—on one side, and my right thumbprint on the other. The initials USNRF encircle the stringhole in the tag. As I recall it, serial numbers were issued some time after enlistment and hence did not appear on tags when first distributed.



**"Could you direct me to the mine fields?"**

According to my remembrance, the only difference between the Regular Navy and Reserves tag was in the initials that encircled the hole. The tags were of Monel metal and after the name and other data were inked on, the tag was put into an acid bath to etch the letters and figures. Then the right thumbprint was put on in the usual manner and the tag was given a second acid bath.

And now for the present-day Army dog tag, we have this in a recent letter from Corporal Joe B. Cieslowski, Headquarters Company, Headquarters Detachment, AWUTC, Drew Field, Tampa, Florida:

When I was in St. Petersburg some weeks ago, I was given a couple of copies of the Legion Magazine, and a small matter in Dog Tag Doings attracted my attention.

Today's Army dog tags are not what they were six months ago. Today, the only information shown is the soldier's name and Army serial number, whereas before then they also contained the name and address of the next of kin, as shown in your heading. Bet I'm not the only one to bring that to your attention.



**Ship-deck barber of two wars. Above, Otto Lenz, machinist, does his stuff in 1918 on the U. S. S. Downes. Right, same man, same job, though now a Lt. (E) on a Liberty Ship in this present war**







Love me, love my dog! When men of his company objected to a dog in the barracks, Private Carl Volo moved with his Dobermann-Pinscher into a tent at Camp Lee, Virginia

You're right, corporal. It had been called to our attention several months ago by Fred B. Barton, war correspondent, who was then in England, and whose last letter came from India. Writes Legionnaire Barton:

The report is: No more names of next-of-kin on your dog tags.

Reason: Soldiers occasionally get careless and leave them in a washroom. Along comes some sharper, steals them, and sends a cable to the mother or wife asking for money—signing the name of the tags' owner. That happened too many times to be funny. Now the Army says: Nothing on your dog tag except your name, your blood type and your religion. All the rest of the beautiful space goes to waste.

Any other suggestions, before we make the changes in our title drawing?

**L**AST month we published a story about two brothers—Marines—who ran into each other unexpectedly aboard a transport bringing them from their separate units in the Southwest Pacific back to the States on furloughs. Now from PFC Bob Ensworth of the Public Relations Office, Headquarters 3510th AAF

Base Unit (Technical School) at Yale University, we learn of a meeting that doubles the one already reported. And, as Ensworth relates in his story, this involves a real "Flying Family":

Three GI's stepped out of a B-25 at Bolling Field, Washington, D. C., not so very long ago, and smartly saluted Lieutenant Colonel Warner R. Corey. The trio, all AAF privates, hadn't sought permission from their Top Kick for the meeting, but this time Colonel Corey could overlook that. They were all his sons.

The Flying Family, these Coreys. Representing both extremes in airmen's ages and a truly All-American team, this foursome of flyers was one of the most unique kin combines in the Air Forces.

Warner Corey fought in the First World War as an Aviation Machinist's Mate in the Navy, then after discharge went home to Detroit and joined Naval Post of the Legion there. He proceeded to raise three air-minded sons and their outstanding aerial zeal soon made the quartette headline news.

Warner Corey's youngest son, Sherrill, was a boy aviator. He became the

youngest pilot in Michigan's history, soloing on his 16th birthday! Weeks later when Sherrill had chalked up 172 solo hours the local Legion Post promptly named him delegate to Wolverine Boys' State. There the Detroit teen-ager appropriately filled the newly-created office of Commissioner of Aeronautics, and of 1050 young men attending, won the award for the "Most Outstanding Contribution to Boys' State in 1940."

Came Pearl Harbor! Warner Corey immediately talked his way into a commission in the short-handed Army Air Forces and not long thereafter 24-year-old Warner, Jr., and 22-year-old Donald followed their father—only as plain GI Joes. At 18, Sherrill was AAF-bound.

A few months back a super-coincidence of Army shipping orders found all four Coreys stationed simultaneously at Bolling Field. Then, scattered again, the three privates hoped in time to wing to Berlin and Tokio as non-coms while Dad held the fort (commanding Pope Field sub-depot) as a lieutenant colonel.

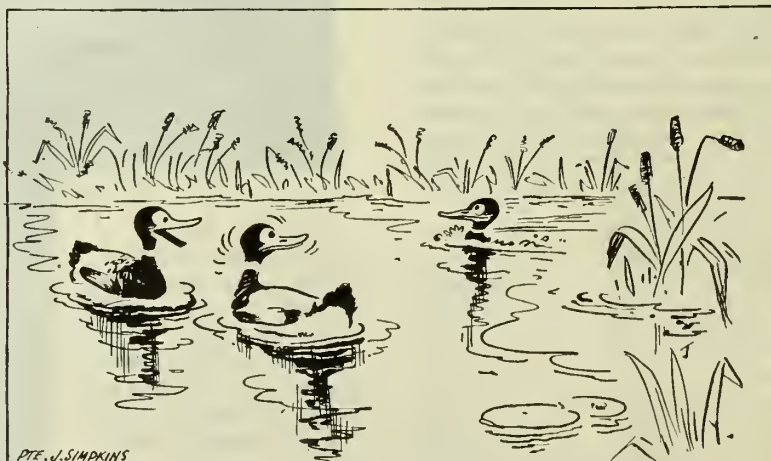
The older boys wanted their kid brother, Sherrill, to try for a commission. He insisted on bucking for sergeant, his heart set on being just a GI like his brothers.

Not long ago, Private Warner Corey, Jr., was a flight engineer aboard an Army plane which crashed in Nevada, killing all crew members. The flying quartette was no more, but just before the fatal takeoff, Sherrill made Warner a promise.

Today Aviation Cadet Sherrill Corey is going after the gold bars of an engineering officer at the Army Air Forces Training Command School at Yale. His Legion Boys' State leadership helped Sherrill to qualify for officer training and before long he'll be a lieutenant at 19, one of the youngest in the service.

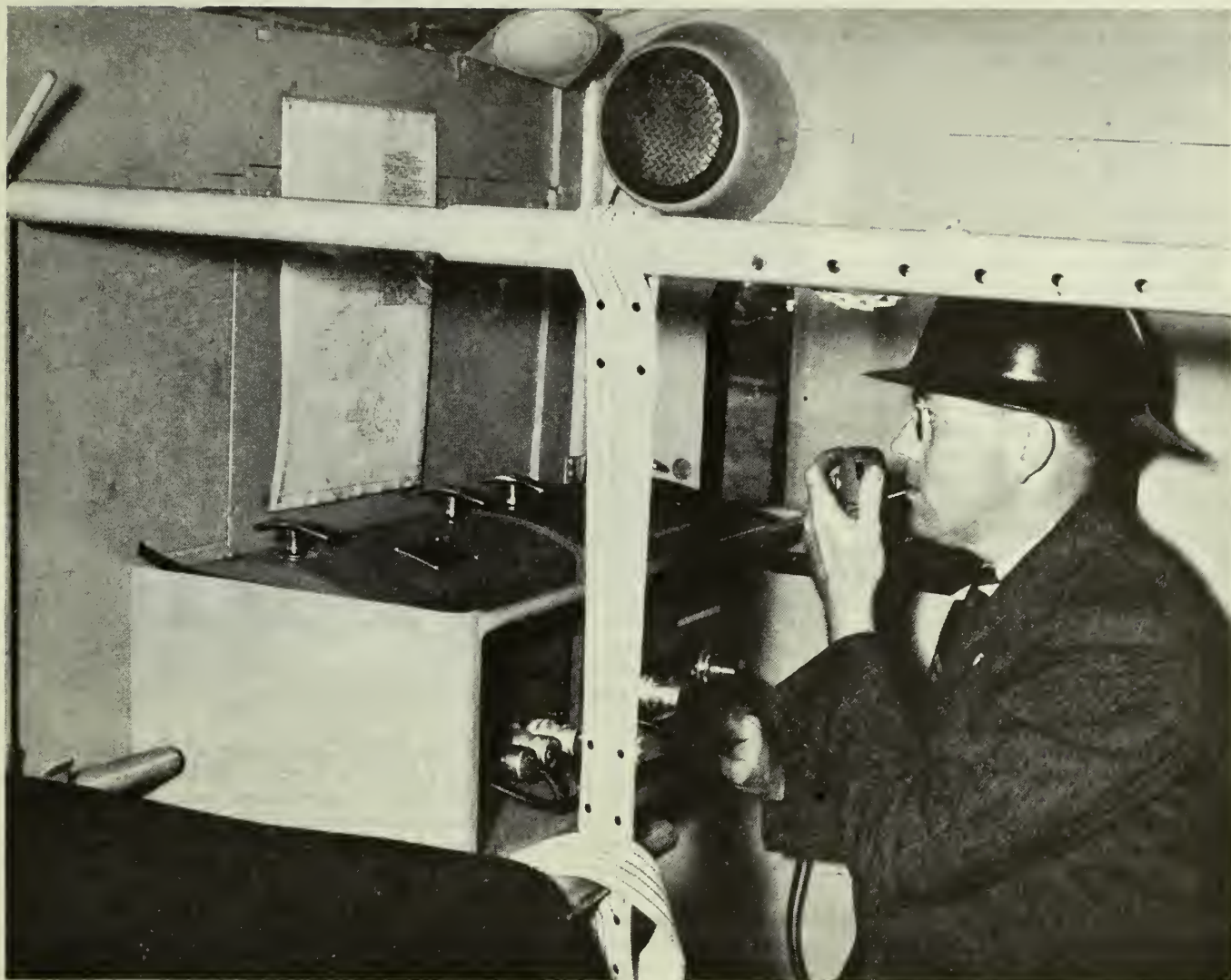
**A**S WE have remarked before in these columns, history is repeating itself in many instances, and particularly where retreads are concerned. Here we have a case, supported by the snapshots

(Continued on page 43)



"His mother was frightened by a submarine!"





Two-way F-M radio communication is an advanced feature of four of the eight emergency ambulances used by the Defense Corps of Commonwealth Post of Chicago. These cars, backed by a corps of 900 men, are ready for action in any emergency

**H**OW the Legionnaire veterans of both World Wars are pitching in and doing an effective home front job is most strikingly demonstrated in Chicago, where Commonwealth Edison Post, whose members are drawn from the employees of one of the nation's largest electric utilities, has its own auxiliary defense corps.

Organized shortly after the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor, to help safeguard the company's power supply system—vital to the war effort in all the Chicago area—in case of air raids, sabotage, or other emergencies, this volunteer unit is designed to supplement the work of the police and fire departments, civilian defense authorities and the regular plant protection force. From a small enrolment, initially composed entirely of Legionnaires, the corps has grown to a strength of 900 trained and fully equipped men, which includes a number of non-veteran Edison employees. They

## Carrying On!



are completely trained to carry on the fight on the home front.

Constituted along streamlined, military lines, the unit consists of four divisions, each assigned to a definite zone. Divisions are composed of two battalions, each comprising one platoon of auxiliary firemen, one of auxiliary police and one of first aid men.

In providing equipment for the corps, the power company has taken into account every predictable need of a real wartime emergency. Eight delivery trucks were rebuilt to serve as ambulances and

four were converted into mobile field kitchens. Half of the ambulances contain two-way, short-wave radios. Six auxiliary fire pump trucks have also been assigned to the contingent.

Commonwealth Edison Post had a nucleus of well drilled men in its Post Drum and Bugle Corps, three times National Champions, and who maintain that title during the wartime interim by virtue of their successful defense of the top honor at the Milwaukee National Convention in 1941, the last at which a drum and bugle corps competition was held. Then there was a complement of trained first aid men who were ready for the corps.

Before achieving full-fledged defense corps status, the Legionnaire members completed a comprehensive training course, embodying both classwork and practical application of the several phases of work. Upon graduation they were issued protective helmets, credentials and identification arm bands. Spe-



cialty men already qualified were required to take the course as a refresher, and they, of course, were most helpful in training new men.

Auxiliary firemen received their preliminary instruction under the tutelage of firefighting experts and actually got the feel of the job at the Chicago Fire Department drill schools. Through lectures, motion pictures and textbooks, they studied types of fires and fire extinguishers, common fire hazards, the use of gas masks, fire control and extinguishment, and combating incendiary bombs. At the drill school the men worked with various types of hose and nozzle equipment, operated ladders, tied rope knots and fire line hitches. They learned firefighting thoroughly.

Auxiliary police, all of whom have been deputized, were trained by supervisors of the plant protection staff. Lecture work included such subjects as the duties of a special patrolman, theft prevention, legal terms and meanings, taking notes, writing reports, portrait parle and description, and technique of arrest and search. Men who qualified by passing a written examination were given training in the use of firearms, with special emphasis on triangulation, sighting, trigger-squeeze, stance and grip. Both target shooting and practical shooting with the silhouette were taught.

First aid members of the corps were trained in the standard and advanced American Red Cross courses, and also received instructions in the identification and treatment of war gas cases, rescue work and the use of first aid equipment. The training was so planned that in event of an air raid, these men could immediately take over the task of extricating the injured and treating their wounds, thus releasing the operating and construction forces for the important work of restoring the necessary utility service to the community as quickly as possible.

Each first aid man wears a specially designed belt containing necessary supplies. He also has a flashlight for use in blackouts, a lipstick for marking the

foreheads of the patients with the symbol indicating the treatment given, and a pad and pencil for recording statements of the injured, and for keeping first aid records.

Portable field dressing stations are carried by four of the ambulances. These tents and their equipment are easy to be set up near the scene of a bombing or other disaster for the use of doctors and nurses when no serviceable buildings are available for the purpose.

To make certain that the varied activities of the defense corps are properly coordinated and that the outfit is ready for instant service in event of an emergency, frequent dress rehearsals are held. The smaller units have regular practice sessions in order to keep the men constantly on their toes.

John L. Fisher has been commander of the corps from its inception, and Edwin R. Wegner, who commanded Commonwealth Edison Post at the time the corps was organized, is serving as assistant commander.

### *Bonds to Build Home*

**B**ALLINGER is a small city of some 5,000 people in Southwest Texas, the county seat of Runnels County. It is also the home of Pat Williams Post No. 8, The American Legion, and Pat Williams Post has developed an idea for raising a fund to build a home for itself and for the veterans of the current war when they come back. Briefly, the plan is Buy Bonds to Build a Memorial Home.

Using a full page advertisement in the *Ballinger Ledger*, the Post announced its plan, and set up a booth to sell Bonds. "When they turn the old helmet into a flower pot, let's be ready to give them a welcome," is the



John L. Fisher (left), Commander of Commonwealth Edison Post's Defense Corps, with Edwin R. Wegner (right), Assistant Commander, and Past Department Commander James P. Ringley (center), stand by one of the unit's motorized field kitchens

appeal which has a two-fold purpose: To raise the War Loan quota for the area and, by contribution of the Bonds, or part of the purchase to the Post, help build a Memorial Home for the new veterans.

"The American Legion Memorial Building Fund is operating under a legal trust fund," says the advertisement which is signed by Tom Agnew, Chairman, and J. E. Smith, O. C. Sykes, A. McGregor and Tom Caudle, members of the Committee. "Every dollar contributed will be invested in War Bonds and held in escrow. The Legion is not begging for funds. It is merely offering the home folks an opportunity to do a fine thing for the boys who are giving so much. Legionnaires realize how much such a place would have meant to them at the end of the First World War and they want to take the lead in making possible a suitable home for their younger comrades."

Men still in service, as well as old files, joined in the campaign.



Simon Cottelle, wounded sailor on leave, sells R. W. Earnshaw the first Bond at the Pat Williams Post's Memorial Building Fund Booth. Second in line is Claude Stone, co-founder of the Post







Liberty Post of New York City equipped and dedicated a day room for the use of patients at the AAF Convalescent Center. Commander Feder makes the presentation

## Liberty Post

**A**CTIVE in all work with servicemen in the New York area is Liberty Post, which has its meeting place at Essex House, 160 Central Park South. That Post has been fortunate in raising a considerable fund through various enterprises (taking over "Mexican Hayride," at the Winter Garden for a day, as one instance), and has "invested" its money in Uncle Sam's service men and women.

Just recently Commander Ralph B. Feder with a corps of Post workers, dedicated a day room at the AAF Convalescent Center and Regional Station Hospital at Pawling, New York, at a cost of more than \$1,000. Commander Feder (second from right in the picture), is shown presenting a plaque designating the "Liberty Room" to Lieutenant Colonel Hawk. The "Liberty Room" is dedicated to the special service of the men who are domiciled at the convalescent center upon return from overseas assignments.

A couple of weeks prior to the establishment of the "Liberty Room" the Post placed athletic equipment, valued at more than \$500, at the convalescent center for use of the men. This equipment included com-

plete baseball outfit, tennis sets, hand balls, boxing gloves, and other items.

## Community Help

**I**RVING W. ADAMS POST of Roslindale, Massachusetts, has its share of public spirit, but it only recently had a chance to discover the fact," writes Legionnaire J. Frank Burke. "It is typical of many suburban Posts, averages 250 membership and is surrounded by

plenty of Legion and other veteran groups. The section is part of Boston, and is well supplied with hospitals, ambulances and all such services.

"Wartime conditions changed the situation. There were things for Irving W. Adams Post to do, and it did not lag when it was noted that the returning disabled, justly so, were receiving high priority on the services of hospitals, doctors and nurses. There were more people being treated in their homes, and frequently needed facilities were lacking.

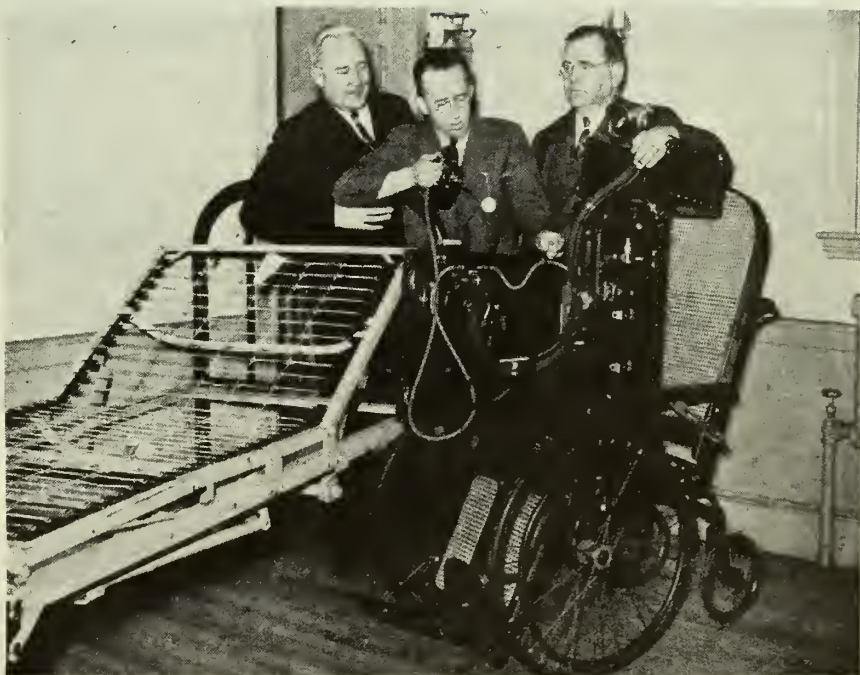
"The Post dedicated its 25th anniversary meeting to community benefit and care of the sick and disabled, and when that event was celebrated on April 15th there were ready for dedication to community service a resuscitator, inhalator and aspirator, a wheel chair, two latest type hospital beds and a supply of crutches and canes. The resuscitator is kept at the local fire house and all the firemen have been trained in its use. This appliance is already credited with having saved one life.

"The hospital beds, wheel chair, crutches, canes and other equipment are kept at the Legion home and are available for use in the community as needed. Other equipment will be added. In fact, we think that, under wartime

(Continued on page 42)



No-we won't need our car to go on this outing-We're having it right in our own back yard!



Irving W. Adams Post of Roslindale, Massachusetts, celebrated its 25th anniversary by providing helpful aids to the sick and disabled in its area



# JUST TO MAKE 'EM LAUGH

(Continued from page 16)

want to sound corny, but that's the way a guy gets to feel after 17 months spent with a lot of lonesome kids scattered over half the globe.

But the Editor has asked me to tell something about this last trip and what the boys out there in the South Pacific think about and want, so I better get on with it. In the first place, although it's been said many times, I want to say it again. The most important thing in their lives is spelled M-A-I-L. Not letters from just anybody, but letters from wives, sweethearts—their own folks.

G.I. Joe is happiest when he's "sweating out a sugar report," which means word from someone close to him. I've had a chance to see him on nearly every front, and can honestly report that his morale tops that of any service in the world. But mail from home can keep it there better than all the entertainment USO-Camp Shows can send out. It's a note for the folks back here to paste in their hats. They ought to write twice as often. When there's that kind of music in the air, shows and movies are lucky to play in the band.

Secondly, like every healthy American, the boys want to relax and be entertained on their time off. The movies have been doing a fine job, in spite of transportation handicaps, and they are getting more and better pictures. One reason is that the powers that be seem to be making a real effort to find out what the kids really want. Recently, the policy of giving out slips after a picture show has been adopted, asking for first-hand G.I. criticism. It's a smart idea. From my own observation, I'd say that fiction war pictures are still at the bottom of the preferred list. News reels are popular, as the boys evidently like to see how their buddies are carrying on with Axis-smashing elsewhere. Musicals—with plenty of pretty gals—are in great demand, along with romantic comedies.

Two years ago we had 14 USO-Camp Shows units on the overseas beat. Today there are five times that many and there's plenty of room for more. We used to give shows off trucks, packing cases, any old thing that was handy. We still do in isolated posts. But as the

war has progressed, the boys have definitely become more entertainment-minded. They've built their own plants—"dressed up the house." Sometimes the stages are makeshift. They build and equip them out of what they can get. You're apt to get a "mike" that looks like a mine detector—but it works.

What kind of shows do they want? You'll get a dozen answers to that one.



**Brigadier General Hanford MacNider, Past National Commander of the Legion, and his aide, Lieutenant George G. Rankin of Mineral Wells, Tex., in their plane during a flying visit to installations in New Guinea**

In my book, first, they want to laugh, and they want a pretty girl—someone to remind 'em of home—who can sing or dance and, of course, musical accompaniment.

They don't demand "big names" or headliners, but they know a good show when they see one, and nobody up on one of those stages can make any mistake about it. Above all, it's got to be informal.

I was too young to be around during the last war, but I've heard that when the boys got a show, the officers took all the front pews and the buck privates were lucky to squeeze in at the door. It ain't thataway now, brother! Up in the Admiralty Islands I looked out over the mob one night, and here in the last row were Major General I. P. Swift and Brigadier General Hanford MacNider. From stars to bars, they take the back seats these days. It's G.I. Joe's show and he rates the front of the house.

When it comes right down to it, the big boys seem to get as much of a bang out of us actors as any G.I. Last Fall in North Africa, Jimmy Doolittle in-

vited our gang to dinner. We weren't much in awe of Jimmy, but when an invitation came from General Eisenhower, both Freddie March and I were on the anxious seat.

"How do hams behave with a guy like that?" I asked him.

"The main thing," Freddie said, "is not to stay too long. Remember, he's a busy guy, and he just wants to be nice to us."

But after dinner Ike lit up his pipe and asked Evelyn Hamilton to break out her "accordeen." He wanted his favorite, "Home on the Range," and couldn't get enough when he found she knew all his old West Point songs.

To me, however, one of the most important parts of an overseas entertainer's job begins when the show is over. It's the kidding sessions around a fire with a couple of dozen G.I.'s that make you feel you're, really in the groove. You see, an actor who tours around the country hits a lot of towns in his travels. Usually, some of them spell home to two or three of the bunch. Then come the questions.

"You know where the court house is? Well, my house is just two blocks down Elm St."

"Did you ever play the Alcazar at 7th and High?"

"Do you know Joe's place across from the station? You do? Gee, have a drink there for me, will you?"

Then you take out the address book and take down the home phone numbers. I've come back with three books full this time. I'll call as many of them as I can reach.

Generals aren't exempt from a bit of this sort of homesickness, either. I told Hanford MacNider I was going to spend a vacation at Clearlake.

"Why that's near Mason City, Iowa, my home town," he said. "Wonder if you'd mind calling up my wife? And my old friend Jay Hormel—I wish you'd give him my regards."

Am I going out again? You bet. I just want to get back a few pounds Old Man Malaria nicked off me, and I'm set for another trip. The last thing that MacNider and Swift said to me when we left was: "See you for a drink in Manila!"

That's one date I'm going to keep.

# DON'T SAY "IT'S THE WAR"!

(Continued from page 22)

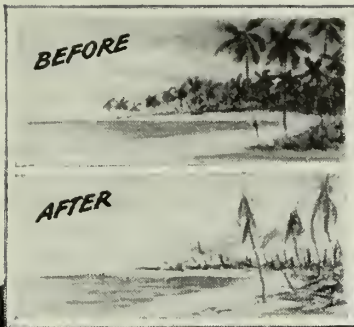
Bob Ripley, a personal apology from the management! In the same country—geographically, less than four hundred miles from that other city. The big difference—war? Hell, no! Management—pride—Americanism.

During the same trip I started to board

a local train to ride forty miles—both arms full of luggage. A six-foot brute in a brakeman's uniform stands glowering with arms akimbo and asks, "Have yuh got a ticket and where yuh goin'?" I pay no attention, but struggle onto the train, whereupon the uniformed gent comes striding up with fire in his eyes. I find a

seat, manage to stow the baggage and then calmly turn to said irate gent who has followed me with one of those "Just who do you think you are?" attitudes, and ask the reason for all the huffing and puffing. Further I inquire if it is the brakeman's job to demand tickets of encumbered passengers struggling to board





# The "Scalping" of an Island!



## How Army Fire-Power Blazed the Way at Kwajalein

8:58 A. M., January 31, 1944 . . . all is quiet on the island of Enubuj. Looking at nearby Kwajalein, you can see its peaceful skyline of tropical foliage. 8:59 A. M. . . . still all quiet. Situation unchanged. 9:00 A. M. . . . the zero hour! Like the crash of some incredible thunder, the guns roar out in unison. It's the Army's "walking" artillery barrage, concentrating first in the waters off Kwajalein . . . then on the beach . . . then creeping slowly inland. Landing craft move up behind this protective screen of fire. Men swarm ashore, as the enemy huddles underground. Then the smoke clears away, and you can see that Kwajalein's heavy foliage has completely disappeared. "Like blowing the wig off a bald man's head," as one correspondent puts it. And Kwajalein is . . . scalped!

THE Army's use of heavy artillery, based on tiny Enubuj island, was only one of the many factors that made the capture of Kwajalein a "military classic." Naval shelling, aerial bombardment, the courage and skill of the ground forces . . . these will never be forgotten. But the Army's Fire-Power—the dramatic "walking" barrage from an off-shore atoll—saved hundreds, perhaps thousands of American lives. And we at Oldsmobile are proud to think that some of our 105 mm. artillery shell were used in this operation. Oldsmobile also builds shell for the Navy, aircraft cannon for the A. A. F., tank and tank destroyer cannon for our armored forces, plus other "censored" Fire-Power products now in production.

HELP GIVE OUR MEN  
THE FIRE-POWER  
THEY NEED



Future battles even greater than Kwajalein call for even greater Fire-Power . . . even greater effort on our part.

**Buy War Bonds!**

**OLDSMOBILE** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**  
*FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS*



# THIS MEANS YOU



**An invitation to join  
the many Legionnaires  
successfully selling**

**STRAND**

**MADE-TO-MEASURE  
CLOTHES**

*Hundreds of men have written to us in response to these ads in the Legion Magazine, and today, many of them are established in business for themselves selling these fine made-to-measure clothes. You can do the same!*

**Fine Fabrics--Made To Individual Measure:** Every fabric in the Strand line is 100% all-wool—and there are hundreds to choose from! Every garment is cut and tailored to exact measure—and at **POPULAR PRICES**—prices even less than many “ready-mades!” Among the thousands of satisfied Strand customers are men in every walk of life—professional men, important executives, government officials.

**Guaranteed Satisfaction.** Strand Clothes are backed by a written guarantee of “satisfaction or money back.” We couldn’t possibly make that offer unless we were successful in pleasing the men who buy Strand made-to-measure clothes.

**Good Quick Profits.** Every sale you make nets you a substantial, immediate profit. And, if you are a good producer, our “Extra Profits plan” makes it possible for you to earn even more. Yet, because Strand Clothes are sold by you, direct from the maker to the wearer, the prices are surprisingly low.

**Full Time or Part Time.** It’s pleasant work—calling on men at their homes or places of business and offering them a fine selection of clothes made to their measure at prices that actually save them money! Whether you devote all your time to the tailoring business or only part time you make good money.

**Your Outfit Free!** We’ll furnish you everything you need to start business—including large samples of hundreds of all-wool fabrics and a fine looking selling outfit. We instruct you exactly how to take correct measurements. Yes, sir, we’ll start you in business without a penny’s cost to you. Just write us that you saw this ad and we’ll do the rest.

**STRAND  
TAILORING CO., Inc.**

2501 to 2511 EAST EAGER STREET  
BALTIMORE-3, MARYLAND

the train, which obviously went in one direction at a stated time—or is brakey there to help? He indicated he “didn’t know and didn’t care—the war was troubling him enough.”

Twenty-four hours pass—a two-hour-late arrival at a junction where we missed an important connection. I had no choice but to take a different train on a smaller and less important railway line. I had no reservations on the Pullman car, nor ticket on the line itself. A sprightly old lad in uniform whose cap read “Conductor” came through. He honored my reservation, please note, on the train I had missed and took my passage ticket which was over the competing road. When I inquired in astonishment “How come?” he explained that traveling was tough enough these days and he would have more time to make an exchange of the tickets later, than a tired-looking, heavy-laden guy who had just managed to make his train. War? Troubles? Excuses? I repeat, “War, hell! Management and individual morale.”

On another trip I stopped over to call on my son who was some miles out of a midwestern town attending ground school as an air cadet. I got on a bus that was jammed to the doors and had a seat crowded in just back of the driver. En

route a husky old lad apparently of Polish extraction got on and tried to force a metal “token” through the collection box slot, obviously not built for that purpose. The driver watched him for a second or two and then tried to explain that “tokens” were not good on the bus. Mebbe our Polish friend was smarter than I think, but it looked to me as though he was merely a bit slow on the uptake and rather bewildered. Apparently the driver thought so too, for, taking a nickel out of his own pocket, he put it in the slot, winked at me in the mirror and waved the gentleman on into the bus, thereby clearing up a traffic jam and spreading a lot of good cheer among all the passengers.

C’est la guerre? Pas encore, mes enfants, or in plain English, Hell, no, my children, again just management, morale, and a darn good American.

What I am trying to get across comes back to this: Being Americans and being men and women of character doesn’t mean merely the accidental matter of birth or place. It means an individual matter of pride and spirit—it means a sense of proportion, or if you’ll have it in the words of the hick Western valley of which I’m a native, it means common hoss sense.

## BLACKIE

*(Continued from page 11)*

tuh Lee. Might come he fotch a powerful big price, mebbe mo’n fifty dollars.”

Lee Marion, looking small in the huge bed, drank from his nightcap and said, “Don’t be a fool, Jeff. You like that damned dog.”

“Yes SUH, Mistuh Lee!” Jeff’s heart was divided into two compartments. In one dwelt Lee Marion, in the other Blackie. He worshipped Marion, but he loved Blackie, for Blackie was his friend and confidant and constant companion. Blackie slept with him at night and helped to keep the ghosts away from Jeff’s lonely quarters. The little spaniel had wandered onto the grounds one day and stayed. From the moment his sad eyes had dwelt on Jeff, he adored him and became his dog.

Jeff made no move to go. He stood until Lee Marion said, “Well?” sharply. Marion wanted to put out the light and close his eyes so that he might see himself piloting a Fortress over burning Berlin, where a Marion belonged, or leading a company into fire. . . .

“I sho would lak to give Blackie to de auction. Dat’s a mighty smart li’l dog, Mistuh Lee. I done teach him tricks. He kin roll over an’ fotch, an’ play lak he’s daid. Mebbe one o’ dem rich gentleman take a fancy to. . . .”

“You thought this over, Jeff?”

The old man paused. In the shadows cast by the bedside lamp the curve of

his body seemed more sharply defined and to have augmented.

“Yes suh, Mistuh Lee. I done thought it over. I sho wants us’n all to stay free.”

“Okay. Bring him around tomorrow night. And now get the hell out of here and let me sleep.”

“Yes SUH, Mistuh Lee. . . .”

THE auction took place in the Crystal Dining Room of the Inlet Hotel against a background of candelabra candlelight and white shirt fronts, in a haze of blue cigar smoke and the rich fumes of whiskey and brandy.

Jerry Sullivan had them eating out of his hand and bidding their heads off between laughing at his sallies. Everybody was happy, everybody was high, and the pig turned out to be S. Cheever Hammond of Tuxedo Park, N. Y. There’s always one at every party.

He was just too damned rich and the liquor had apparently brought out the show-off in him. He outbid Wesley Graham, the motors man from Detroit, on a Stuart portrait of Washington, hogged twelve cases of 1807 brandy from all the others, coralled the entire lot of exquisite Château Burgundies and beat Graham again on two precious miniatures of Napoleon and Josephine on ivory and a lavalier that had once belonged to Marie Antoinette.

Lee Marion didn’t care particularly,



THE MAMMOTH MOTION PICTURE  
it took 2½ years to make!

THE ASTOUNDING HUMAN STORY  
it took 25 years to tell!

THE SUPREME SCREEN TRIUMPH  
it took 50 years of film en-  
tertainment to achieve!

*Drama undreamed of!*

*Spectacle unparalleled! Entertainment unprecedented!*

A  
**20<sup>th</sup>**  
CENTURY-FOX  
PICTURE

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S

# WILSON

TECHNICOLOR

Directed by **HENRY KING** • Written for the Screen by **LAMAR TROTTI**

Thomas Mitchell • Ruth Nelson • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Vincent Price • William Eythe • Mary Anderson • and a Cast of 12,000

Alexander Knox • Charles Coburn • Geraldine Fitzgerald

AUGUST, 1944



as long as the money poured in, except that he knew that Graham had rather had his heart set on the portrait and that Hammond had taken it far higher than it was worth. Marion sat at his table, drinking himself quietly drunk as he watched his property go, and smiling his thin, sardonic smile, as the bidding waxed fast and furious, and the fabulous paper piled up. The auction wasn't for peanuts or pledges. The purchaser wrote his check to the Government on the spot.

It was towards the shank of the evening that Blackie was brought in by Jeff and placed on the platform. His coat glistened, shinier than the silken lapels on the hundred dinner jackets, his floppy ears were brushed, his eyes creamy and melancholy.

"Well, well," chortled Jerry Sullivan. "What am I offered for this genuine Abyssinian Whoofle Hound," which wasn't very funny unless you were tight which most everyone was, and so there was a roar of laughter.

Wesley Graham nudged Igor Semenov. "That's a cute pup. The kids have been after me to get 'em a dog. I've got a good mind to buy him."

"Eef that louser who is usink de First Nationality Bank for a kitty don't botting in you will. . . ."

"Thousand dollars," Wesley Graham called.

"Five thousand," announced the cold-pork voice of S. Cheever Hammond.

Jeff was standing pop-eyed near Marion. "Whooooee! Did dat man say five thousand' dollars, Mistuh Lee?"

"Uhuh!"

Sullivan took the ball: "Only five thousand for this rare specimen? Why he's even got education. Jeff, come over here and show 'em a trick."

Bursting with pride, Jeff said, "Hi you, Blackie. Roll over!"

Blackie rolled over, shook himself and turned his creamy eyes on Jeff.

"Ten thousand dollars!"

"Twenty-five!"

"Fifty!"

"Seventy-five. . . ."

"Now you're getting close to what the little feller's worth," grinned Sullivan. "Show 'em another trick, Jeff."

Jeff rolled a ball along the platform and cried—"Fotch. Blackie!" Blackie "fotched," and returned with the ball, wagging his stump tail like crazy.

"Who'll say a hundred thousand?"

"Eighty thousand," said Graham.

"Hundred thousand," said S. Cheever Hammond.

Igor muttered a Russian curse and added, "If that louser gets him. . . ."

Graham said grimly, "I'll sell the damned factory first." His dander was up. His square chin was set and his neck quite red. Then he shouted, "A hundred and five!"

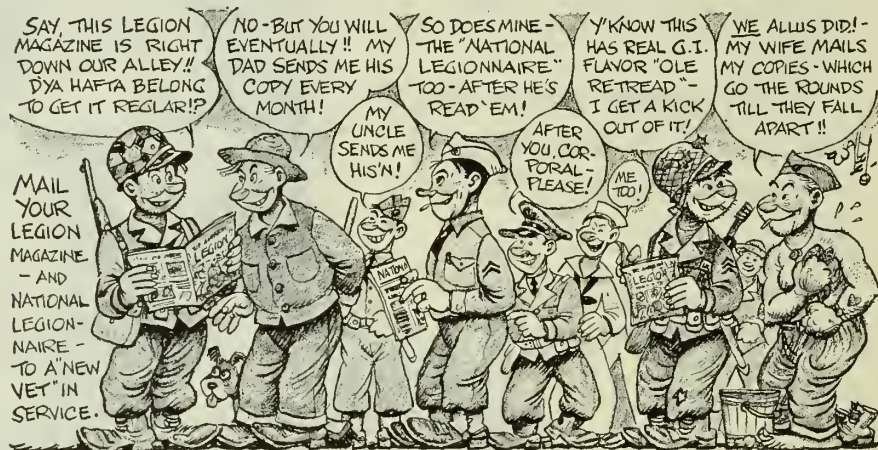
It resolved itself into a duel between the two by the five thousands, with

silence falling over the banquet hall, and Jeff standing there sweating, shaking with excitement and nearly dying with pride.

Once he whispered to Lee Marion, "I sho hope Mistuh Graham git him. He's a fine gentleman. Blackie have a good home with him. . . ."

"Uhuh!"

Hundred and seventy-five . . . eighty. . . . The two men were like bulldogs. Hammond bid a hundred and ninety-



five and there was a moment of dead quiet.

"Two hundred thousand!" said Wesley Graham. A roar of cheers, whistles and applause went up from the hundred, and died down again as Sullivan held up his hand.

"Two hundred thousand dollars bid. Any more? Once . . . Twice. . . ."

Chairs scraped and one could hear the rustle of starched shirts as necks were craned to look at S. Cheever Hammond.

The silence was broken by the icebox voice of Hammond, "Any man who will pay two hundred thousand dollars for a mutt is a fool."

"Sold to Mr. Wesley Graham of Detroit for two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Whoooooeeeeee!" came Jeff's ecstatic shout before the dam of applause broke again. "Dat Blackie, he de mos' expensive dog in de whole wide worl'!"

THE party broke up Monday morning. But the Inner Circle remained on another night at Saltside to taper off. It was quite a process, and finally in the early hours there were only Lee Marion, Igor and Wesley Graham left. Jeff fetched them fresh juleps from his apparently inexhaustible supply. He was strangely quiet, and a little more bent. His blue, brass-buttoned tailcoat that had been so gay and festive appeared to hang with sadness, and his legs in the white stockings seemed pitifully thin and shrunken as he shuffled in with the tray.

He did not look at Blackie, who sat quietly at Mr. Graham's knee and followed him with his creamy eyes as he came and went. He passed around the

drinks and then retired. Nobody said anything for quite a while.

Then Igor jerked his head in the direction of the door. "Him!" he said. "Something's bosted in him. Inside."

Lee Marion nodded. "Uhuh. His dauber's down."

Igor said, "The dog-pooch, yes?" Marion replied quietly, "He was his pal."

"Won't the old man be lonely without him?" asked Graham.

Lee Marion replied shortly, "Sure. He'll be lonely as hell. What of it? It was his idea."

Igor turned to Graham. "Vy de hal don't you geev him back to him? You can see he's bosted."

Graham said, "By God, I will!" and got up.

Lee Marion snapped, "Sit down. It was a deal."

"Nuts," protested Graham. "The kids don't know I bought the dog. I can get a pup for them anywhere. The money I bid can stand. Look at those damned sad eyes on the mutt. I'm not going to have those on my conscience and the old guy with a busted heart."

There was a silence for a moment. Lee Marion was thinking. He was thinking that pride was a foolish thing, but sometimes it had odd facets of beauty. There was a queer resentment in him as though someone had offered to return some of the things he had loved so well. And then he thought about the fact that Graham was his guest and had expressed a wish.

Lee Marion said, "Okay," and reached for the bell-pull.

"No," said Wesley Graham, who was a gentleman. "We ought to go to him."

Graham, holding Blackie in his arms, went with Marion out into the kitchen to find Jeff. He didn't hear them coming because he was sitting alone at the kitchen table with his white, wooly head bowed down over his arms.

Lee Marion said sharply, "Jeff, damn you. Stop that bawling."

Jeff got up. "I wasn't bawlin', Mistuh Lee."

"Don't lie to me, you black devil!"

"Yes suh, Mister Lee. I was cryin'."

(Continued on page 37)





Men of the U. S. Navy say letters keep up morale . . . write that V-Mail letter today!

"I can see my hammock now . . . with Brownie sleeping underneath . . . and the kids playing in the orchard . . ."

So his letters go—full of the things he misses so . . . the *little* things that to him, add up to home.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle

erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is . . . as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is *little things like this* that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale —ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things







## The Minuteman is Still the Man of the Hour

The Minuteman was a most resourceful civilian who worked hard for his family and home and was quick to fight when their security was threatened.

He did the very things we are asked to do today. He made things last. He wore things out and did without. He was one of the first to stretch food and fuel.

Farmers, fishermen, sailmakers, smiths or cobblers—all were Minutemen—all were dreamers who loved their America—all were doers who fought

and saved and sacrificed. They showed us the way to win.

Americans, since the days of the Minuteman, have welcomed their opportunity to earn security for themselves and their families in a better world.

Today, when wartime trials provoke us, America is recapturing the spirit of '76—America's fighting spirit, so perfectly symbolized by the Minuteman—the spirit that will hasten Victory by hours, by days, perhaps even months.

*Americans have always been neighborly. It is quite natural then for Budweiser to be America's favorite beer—for, when good friends get together, Budweiser is a friend that needs no introduction.*



In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles —to name a few.

# Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • ST. LOUIS

© 1944



# BLACKIE

(Continued from page 34)

"On account of Blackie?"

"Yes suh, Mr. Lee."

"Well, cut it out! Here he is."

Wesley Graham said: "I've brought him back, Jeff. I don't want to take him away from you. You keep him."

Jeff looked from one to the other and then at Blackie, who wriggled ecstatically and set his stump tail into furious motion. He said, "No suh, thank you, suh. I cain't take him, suh."

Lee Marion snapped, "Why not?"

Jeff averted his eyes, eyes that were as moist and creamy as those of Blackie. "What an ol' nigger want wi' a two hunder thousn' dollar dog? He too good for me. He jes' too expensive. Jes' thinkin' I owned a dog wuth that much, thas enuff for me. . . . Blackie he gonna have a fine home. . . ."

"You're lying, Jeff."

"Yes suh, Mr. Lee."

There was a rasp to Lee Marion's voice like machinery that is about to break. "The money stands, Jeff. Don't be an old fool. Mr. Graham wants you to have your dog. He can get another for his kids. Take him."

The devils of temptation fought all over the soul of the old man and the sweat of their strife beaded his brow and cheeks where it mingled with the tears from his old eyes. And their utter defeat could be read in the sudden set of his head and the slow erasure of the

curve of years that bent him over. He was well nigh erect and a certain fierceness had come to his bearing when he replied:

"No, suh, Mr. Lee. I'm sorry. I won't take him back . . ."

"Why not?"

"On account . . . account somepin you said Sat'dy, suh, an' somepin you ask me."

"What was it I said?"

"You said, 'De Republic is in danger. . . .'"

"What was it I asked you?"

"You ask me whut I was de proudest of?"

"And what did you say?"

"I said I was proudest of I was free." Then Jeff added, "I belongs to de Republic, Mistuh Lee."

The kitchen clock ticked loudly. The dog was quieter in Graham's arms.

"I done made a deal. I ain' goin' back on it. . . ."

Lee Marion snapped, "Okay," and turned on his heel. He picked Graham up with a jerk of his head and they went out of the kitchen leaving the old man standing there quite unbent.

The swinging door closed behind them and they went through the long pantry. Lee Marion said softly, "He's a proud old fool. . . ."

Wesley Graham didn't say anything at all, but pressed Blackie a little more closely to his heart.

## G. I. JOE'S NEW HORIZON

(Continued from page 14)

Rights didn't "just happen." They were made by The American Legion. Legionnaires never forgot those tragic days of demobilization that followed the last war, with the unemployment riots and bonus marches.

They had been laboring for 25 years to mend all the damage that had been done by the neglect and indifference and unpreparedness for peace in 1919. They were determined those mistakes would not be repeated, shabby treatment of war veterans must belong to history, and the fighting men and women of today must benefit from knowledge and experience painfully accumulated. That determination was expressed in convention resolutions.

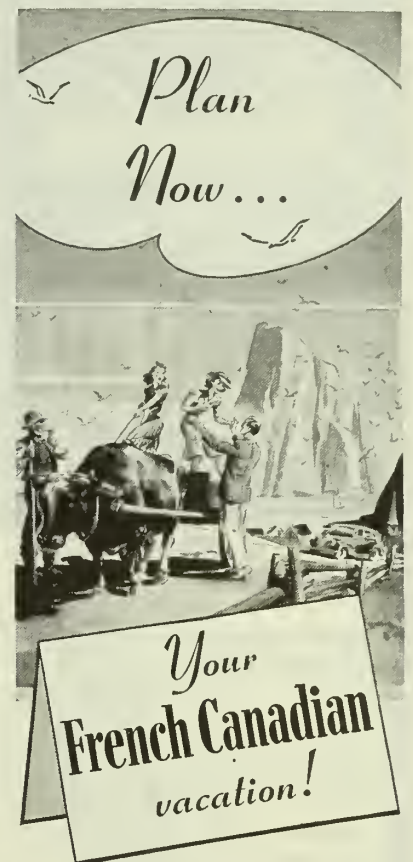
National Commander Warren H. Atherton translated those resolutions into action. He appointed a special committee headed by former Governor John Stelle of Illinois, to draft a master rehabilitation plan to be submitted to Congress that would provide a scientific approach to the entire veteran problem of this war. The G.I. Bill of Rights was the result. The American Legion backed the G.I. Bill with all its strength and in-

fluence. A nationwide publicity campaign was launched to develop public support for the measure. Press stories, editorials, magazine articles, radio broadcasts, recordings, movie trailers, public speakers, all were used. Millions of signatures were obtained for G.I. Bill petitions.

There was opposition to the legislation, lots of it. There were hundreds of veterans' bills in the Congressional hopper. There were jurisdictional strifes, personal enmities and feuds between lawmakers, parliamentary tricks to watch out for.

Those who opposed the legislation resorted to all sorts of tactics. They charged that "the most powerful lobby that has ever been organized" was behind the measure, thus seeking by smear and innuendo to kill that sweeping scientific program of aid before it was enacted into law.

Well, what was that "lobby" that generated such overwhelming force as to bring the G.I. Bill onto the Senate floor with the names of 81 senators as co-authors, which spurred it through the Senate by a vote of 50 to 0, and through the House by the vote of 387 to 0?



It will do you good to sit down and plan . . . really PLAN that trip you have always promised yourself to the fabled land of GASPÉ.

You've heard of this Canadian paradise on the shores of the sunny St. Lawrence . . . where you have lobster fresh from the sea and eat bread made the habitation way in stone ovens mellow with years.

Our new booklets will help you plan your first real peacetime holiday. Ask, too, about these other famous vacationlands: The Gatineau Valley, Laurentian Mountains, Charlevoix-Chicoutimi-Lac-St-Jean, St. Maurice Valley, Québec City, Montréal, Eastern Townships.

LA PROVINCE DE  
**Québec**

TOURIST AND PUBLICITY BUREAU  
QUÉBEC, CANADA

or  
48-50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City (20), N.Y.



FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES

Royalton



FILTERWELL

CONDENSING WELL traps and retains moisture . . .

FILTER sucks in tars and bitter juices . . .

"SURELOK" coupling won't loosen; holds filter in stem when bit is removed . . .



Selected Lightweight Briar

FilterWell is the most satisfying pipe \$1 ever bought. Safeguards smoking two ways with easy-to-replace filter that absorbs "Nico-Tars" (tobacco sediment) . . . and an in-built well that prevents "back-firing" of moisture into mouth. Result: sweeter, cooler smoking in a clean, ever-dry pipe.

Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc.  
OZONE PARK, N. Y.

What was that lobby?

It has been defined on the floor of the House itself. It's in the *Congressional Record*.

Representative Fred Busbey, Republican of Illinois, said:

"I do not know what they have reference to by that 'powerful lobby,' unless it may have been the energy that has been displayed by the members of The American Legion . . . in behalf of the men and women serving our country in this war.

"These organizations have brought to this Congress the value of their 25 years of work and experience in veterans' activities and veterans' legislation; they wish to see that these men and women do not have to go through seven years of effort before legislation is enacted in their behalf, as we did after World War I.

"Apparently that is what they refer to as 'the most powerful lobby.' If that is any crime, I only hope we have a lot more of it in behalf of these veterans before Congress adjourns."

And Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, Republican Congresswoman from Massachusetts, further defined the "lobby." She said:

"It seems to me it is an all-over-the-country lobby as to this measure."

And, with a roar of approval, the Congress made that definition its own. There was not one dissenting voice, no effort to dispute the unchallengeable fact that, if there was a "lobby" it was indeed a "lobby from the people."

Yet, in all of that great outpouring of support from all America, The American Legion did play a part—a vital, indispensable part.

America was ready to insist upon proper protection for her fighting men

and women. It was left to The American Legion to lead the way.

And thus, the story of the "Legion lobby" is the story of how the Legion *did* point the way, of how the Legion *did* carry the message of the G.I. Bill to every city, town, hamlet and rural cross-roads of America.

It was The American Legion which first aroused the interest and then secured the support of the press, of the people and of every patriotic citizen in a united effort to assure a square deal for G.I. Joe.

The G.I. Bill was born of a single dominant thought—that the men and women who are offering their lives in this most terrible of all wars should be assured of a full share in the traditional American life which they are fighting to defend; that theirs should be a generous measure of that free opportunity which is the basis of the American way of life.

So thanks to The American Legion, when G.I. Joe comes marching home he'll find no horizon narrowed by handicaps incurred by his war service.

G.I. Joe can, without a nickel in his jeans, start immediately on a college course—it's all there, bought and paid for, waiting for him to use and it's free.

Or he can go to work at once—the finest job counseling and placement can set up is ready to help him.

When he has a job he doesn't have to wait a lifetime to achieve ownership of his home, or a farm, or of a small business. He can buy one immediately, because unparalleled opportunity loans are available to him.

The G.I. Bill has lifted his horizon so that his thrift, industry, initiative and determination can carry him to personal success as if they were seven-league boots.

## SOFT PEACE= WORLD WAR III

(Continued from page 15)

war, can we hope to get a solution of the German problem that will at least spare our next generation from war.

The Allies have now agreed to demand unconditional surrender of Germany. There will be little argument on that score. But there is one important consideration which makes this more complicated than many people think. It will be very important that the Nazi leaders, or whichever ones are left, and the German militarists do the surrendering. If we allow some poor democratic dupe to surrender in the name of the German army and the German nation and allow those elements which have always led the German people into wars to go unmolested, we will have lost the peace in the very beginning. This is one of the great lessons of 1918. We should not make the same mistake twice.

In addition to their counting on the

American spirit of "forgive and forget," the Germans also have hopes of winning a soft peace by virtue of a split among the Allies. All their propaganda will be directed—indeed, it already is—toward this end.

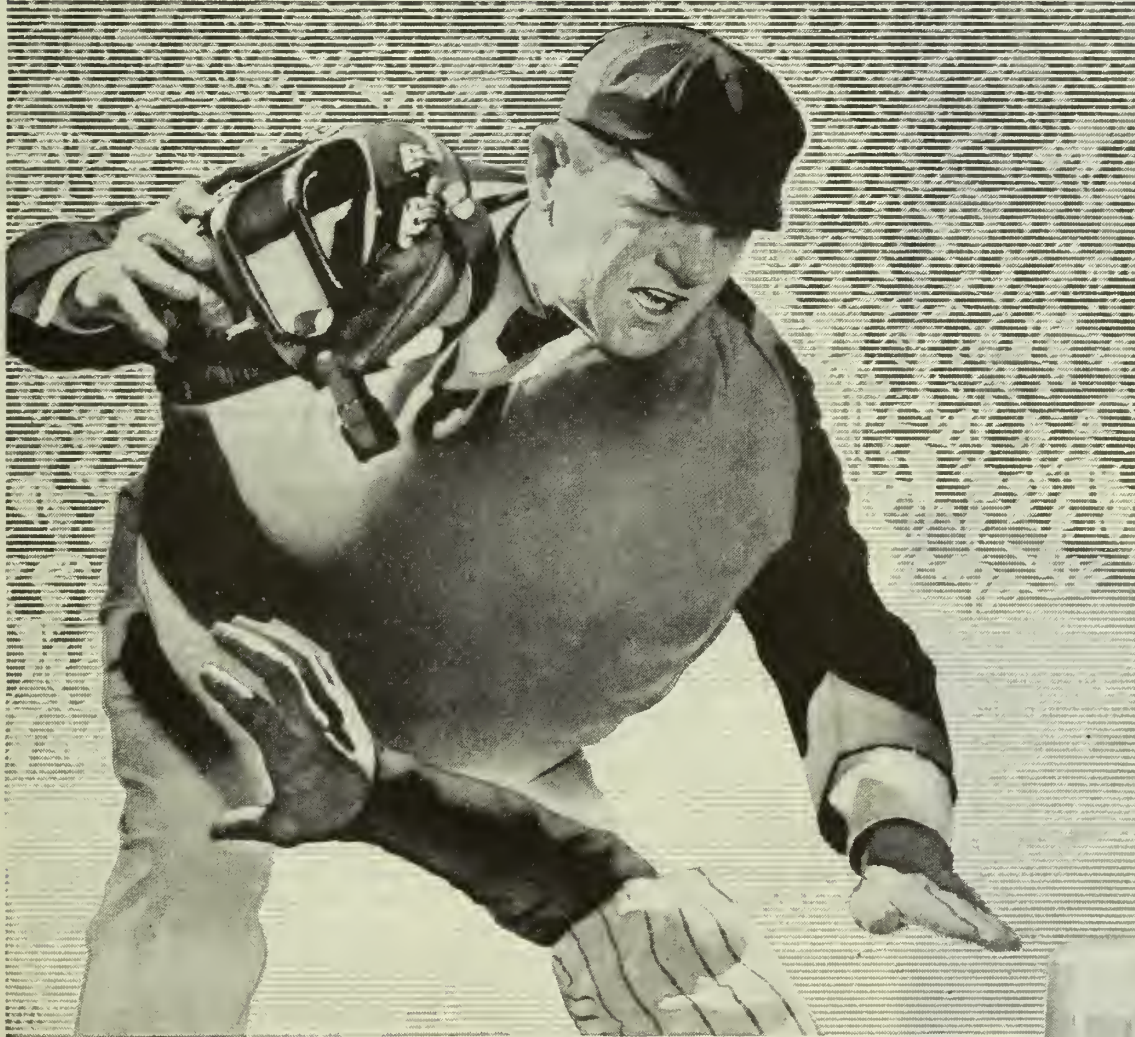
If the Germans are ever to learn that wars do not pay, that going off to conquer their neighbors is an unprofitable business, the United Nations must stick together in enforcing an effective military and economic disarmament of Germany. The lesson of the last war is painfully clear in this matter. The policy of keeping Germany disarmed failed simply because the Allies fell out, the United States being the first to fall out.

Let us hope that this curious softness in the British and American peoples towards the Germans will not lead us to commit the same terrible mistakes we made after 1918.



# The flavor that scores

**F**amous for real beer character without bitterness, Schlitz wins the applause of those who know and love fine beer. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz brings you just the *kiss* of the hops—all of the delicacy, none of the bitterness.



Copyright 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

...none of  
the bitterness



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



## MILLION-ITEM WALLOP

(Continued from page 9)

When the plan to strike the French coast was made at the Teheran conference last fall, General Eisenhower and his staff made up a list of exactly what they would need.

It was a long list. The job would require more than a million different items, ranging from spare nuts and bolts to bulldozers and tanks. Not just a million pieces of equipment, but a million different kinds of pieces. For example, one item might be for 100,000 shells of a certain size, another for 200 locomotives of the proper gauge to run on French railroads, still another might be bridges to span the streams we knew we must cross.

We'd been working to fill the list ever since Teheran, pushing the supplies and equipment across the Atlantic on everything we could lay hands on that would float. Thanks to naval and air protection, few cargoes were lost on the way to England.

We had pushed so fast and hard that on April 15th General Eisenhower reported shortages on only 124 items . . . 124 out of a million! We were nearing the end. In the seven weeks between April 15 and D-Day, 86 last-minute needs were added, making the list of shortages total 210. And we had wiped 133 of these off the books by May 27.

With only ten days to go we still were short 77 categories in England. But of these 77, twenty already were aboard ship on their way and we had found substitutes for the other 55. So on D-Day, General Eisenhower had enough of everything . . . on time.

When I landed in England we had just two months and six days to prepare. And the assault plan still was shifting in certain details every day. War never is static, so plans for operations can't be static, either. The needs of the troops as listed on April 1st couldn't be expected to remain the same on the morning of the assault.

Shortly before the step-off the Allied staff began to move troops into position just behind the coast. They set up an elaborate plan . . . each man, each gun, each box of K-ration was assigned to a specific ship or boat, at a certain dock in a certain port and was to go aboard at a certain minute of a certain hour. This ship or boat was assigned a very definite course and was to land at exactly the right place at the very minute planned. In an undertaking of such size you may well imagine what a task that was.

The science involved in this job is called "logistics." The simplest way of putting it is to say that logistics is the military art of getting the right number of the right men with the right amount of the right equipment to the right place at the right time.

The logistics of the landing on the continent of Europe was excellent. General Eisenhower and his staff not only had to get the Army down to the boats and across and up the shore. They had to load troops in the right order so that by reversing the process they'd unload in the order the plan of battle demanded. They had to divide supplies in such a way that just enough would arrive at each specific hour of each day. It could have spoiled all plans if too much of anything reached the coast so as to clutter the beaches with useless material. But it would have been tragic to send our fighters in without enough.

The problem of loading four thousand ships at many ports, with men and munitions, and loading them so the first things needed could be first overside, isn't an easy one to solve. But General Eisenhower and his aides did solve it superbly and the allied navies did a masterful job in getting those ships safely across.

As an example of what can be done in time of stress, there was the case of the troops it was decided to re-equip at the last minute for a new type of operation. This meant that in addition to the supplies that could be picked up in the depots in England we needed 327,272 additional pieces of equipment, divided into 214 different items. Not only did we have to get this vast amount of materials from the United States: we had to tap six different technical services in Army Service Forces to get them.

If we'd had plenty of time it would have been simple, but we didn't have any time at all.

Well, we got the whole lot to England on time. There were wrist watches, special medical kits, several kinds of new ammunition, helmet liners . . . right down through all the 214 on the list. Ninety-nine percent of the things went on a convoy that was being made up when the order reached America. The rest were flown across the Atlantic and were distributed in ample time for the operation.

You have to remember, as all of us in the Army do, that if the material doesn't reach troops in time it means heavier casualties. It means dead young Americans. So those aren't just guns and tanks and shoes we're trying to get where they belong on time. They're lives. Somebody's sons and brothers. So even those of us charged with logistics never dare lose a sense of urgency for a single minute.

Just as an example of what it requires of ingenuity and determination . . . yes, and of heroism, too . . . was the case of the 25,000 rounds of special artillery shells. These shells were standardized on April 10th. The next day General Eisenhower ordered the 25,000 rounds for



Signet of  
Quality in  
Pipes

VanRoy  
DUMONT  
\$10

VanRoy



VanRoy is the pipe preference of men who can afford the finest — and those who want the finest pipe they can afford. Their constancy to VanRoy is reflected by pride in its possession. For VanRoy is that rarity among pipes and men—the perfect mate for every mood . . .

VanRoy ARISTA . 3<sup>50</sup>  
VanRoy BARD . . 5<sup>00</sup>  
VanRoy COURIER 7<sup>50</sup>  
VanRoy DUMONT 10<sup>00</sup>

VANROY COMPANY, INC.  
EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1



May 15th delivery. That gave us just one month and four days not only to produce them, but to ship them across the Atlantic and place them in the hands of the troops who needed them.

There wasn't time to set up new tools and dies and a new assembly line. We did have some obsolete shells that could be reworked and that would do the job. They were stored in an arsenal in America. We yanked them out of storage, and without removing the explosive charge, heroic women workers made modifications on each shell which you must realize was a highly hazardous undertaking. On April 30th, just 19 days after we sent the cable, General Somervell notified us that the 25,000 rounds were on a fast ship headed for England. They arrived ahead of time, for which those women workers at Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland deserve high praise.

These shells were used to great advantage on the morning the landing craft poked their noses out of the mist and grated up the gravel on the French coast.

There's another piece of equipment I can't describe. When we arrived in England one of General Eisenhower's first requests was for 50 of these. They had been placed in production but not one of them had yet been completely assembled. But General Eisenhower needed 25 of them by May 31st, the rest by June 15th. On May 15th, however, the strategic picture changed. The need was not for 50, but for 70 of these machines and right away. They went on two fast convoys, all 70 of them.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

**A**S A service to the men and women now in uniform and to their families, as well as to the Legionnaires who want to keep advised of this global war, we will list in this column all new books pertaining to the present war (except fiction and verse) that are sent to our offices by their publishers. All such books will be added to the reference library of the Legion Magazine which comprises one of the most complete First World War libraries in the country.

**AAF—THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE ARMY AIR FORCES.** A Directory, almanac and chronicle of achievement; 64 pages of photographs; 175 drawings, charts and maps. Foreword by General H. H. Arnold, C. G., Army Air Forces. Simon & Schuster, Inc., 1230 Sixth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. \$2.50.

**I NEVER LEFT HOME—Bob Hope's Own Story** of his trip abroad. Simon and Schuster, New York 20, N. Y. \$1.00. Also \$2.00 edition, bound in cloth and boards.

**TEN YEARS IN JAPAN** by Joseph C. Grew, former U. S. Ambassador. Simon and Schuster, New York 20, N. Y. \$3.75.

**WAR BELOW ZERO—The Battle for Greenland** by Col. Bernt Balchen, Maj. Corey Ford and Maj. Oliver La Farge. Foreword by Gen. H. H. Arnold. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.00.

**DICTIONARY OF SERVICE SLANG** (Army, Navy, Marines, Waacs, Waves, Spars, Army and Navy Nurses, Marines Women's Aux., Anzacs, Wrens and Waafs) compiled by Park Kendall. M. S. Mill Co., Inc., 286 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y. \$1.00.

**G. I. SONGS—Written, Composed and/or Collected by Men in the Service. Illustrations.** 30 piano scores. Edited by Edgar A. Palmer. Sheridan House, Publishers, 257 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. \$2.75.



More power to all the G. I.

Joes who brag about the wallopers they caught . . . and the still bigger ones they'll catch in happy days to come. The boys talk a heap of fishing, we're told. Maybe those big Evinrudes that serve with them help sharpen old fishing memories — and appetites!

One of those great Storm Boat Evinrudes would make at least a dozen fast, smooth, rugged fishing motors . . . the kind they'll want when they get back. And we'll do our darndest to please them!

**FREE!** Send for this special issue of the "Evinrude News". A pictorial magazine that covers outboards in war and peace — profusely illustrated with photos showing Evinrudes serving the Army and Navy, and pictures of happy peacetime uses to follow! Write today for your copy! EVINRUDE MOTORS, 5089 North 27th Street, Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin.

# EVINRUDE

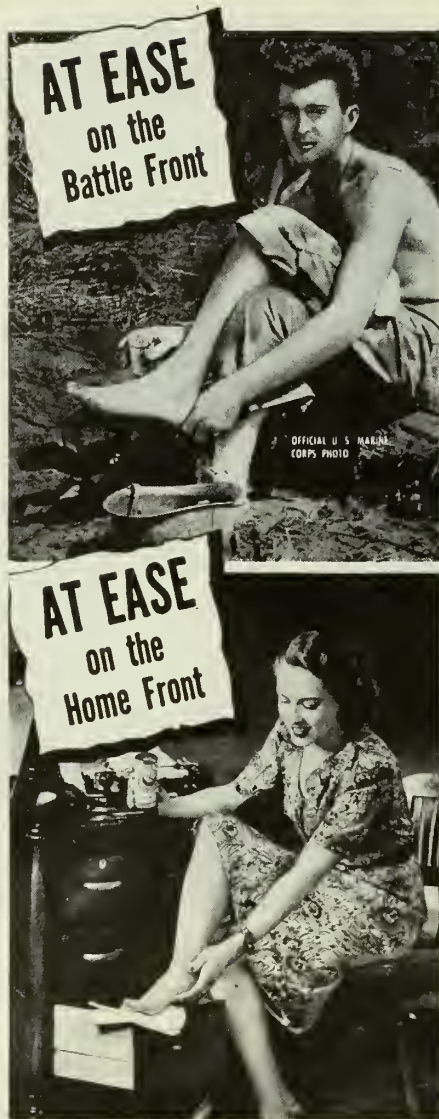


OUTBOARD MOTORS



EVERY DOLLAR YOU INVEST HELPS SPEED VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS





## Put "Your Skin at Ease"

The some three qualities... Antiseptic, Anolgesic and Absorbent, that today are meeting the exocting demands of millions of our Armed Forces oll over the world, make AMMEN'S on indispensable body ond foot preporation for civilions on the Home Front.

To give proper relief and protection, o powder must obsorb perspiration, soothe the skin ond prevent the growth of harmful bacterio. AMMEN'S Triple Action Powder provides this positive protection ond leaves your skin with o restful feeling you just don't get from ordinary powders.

At oll better drugstores ond toilet goods counters ond Post Exchanges everywhere.



# AMMEN'S

TRIPLE ACTION POWDER

CHAS. AMMEN CO., LTD. • Alexandria, Louisiana, U.S.A.

## CARRYING ON!

(Continued from page 29)

demands, our Post leads in ordinary care of the sick in our community." A record to be proud of.

### Membership Getters

**O**KLAHOMA CITY (Oklahoma) Post has a corps of membership-getters who have lifted that consistently good Post to a place among the stars this year. Publicity Chairman Earle M. Simon brashly offers the Post's champion, Legionnaire Harold J. Hutchings, whose score on April 1 was 257, as the national champ, but reports from other sections indicate that Comrade Hutchings will have to raise his score above the 350 mark for that honor. But the Sooner State outfit has a full corps backing up the high man; on April 1, J. J. Edwards had 184 to his credit; Oscar S. Keely, 110; Jerry Bauer, 80; M. Kasner, 75; Sam J. Moses, 71, and on down, including the Publicity Chairman, who had enrolled 58.

The score sheet on that early spring date listed a membership of 2,743, with enrollment of 1,541 credited to 27 membership workers, each of whom scored not less than 25 members.

### Conventioneers

"**B**Y THE time the annual National Convention to be held in Chicago rolls around," says National Adjutant Donald G. Glascoff, "the Legion will probably have 300,000 veterans of the Second World War on its rolls, and a lot of them will be looking forward to attending the Convention."

The National Adjutant warns that the National Convention at Chicago on September 18, 19 and 20 will be severely streamlined, with only delegates and members of Legion committees in attendance.

Legionnaires of the younger generation who attend in an official capacity or as individuals, are asked not to appraise the meeting as typical of a great Legion national meet of pre-war days, or, we hope, the ones that will follow the termination of the present war. Travel restrictions make it vital that the attendance be held to a minimum, and that assurance was given Washington authorities at the May meeting of the National Executive Committee. But when the war is over the Legion conventions, with the addition of younger men and women, hundreds of new musical units and marching corps and thousands of new stunts, plus all the old ones, will again take on the old time flavor. The National Adjutant suggests that visiting Legionnaires wait for the big show after the war.

—BOYD B. STUTLER

## »MARXMAN» FOR MEN OF ACTION



MARXMAN PIPES ease the tension... the strain of battle, the breakneck pace in the office and factory. Men of action everywhere depend on MARXMAN PIPES to relax... to lighten the load!

Enjoy the smoothness, the mellowness, the cool and satisfying sweetness of a MARXMAN. Every pipe is bench-made by expert craftsmen from thoroughly aged, selected briars. There's a MARXMAN PIPE for every taste—all the popular styles and also many exclusive shapes. Look for »MARXMAN» on the next pipe you buy.



AT FINE STORES—EVERYWHERE

## »MARXMAN»

27 W. 24th Street, New York City

## REFRIGERATION SERVICE AND AIR CONDITIONING MECHANICS COURSE

Learn at home—how to start your own repair shop on little capital. No previous experience needed. Common school education sufficient. Splendid opportunity for older men. Prepare now for after the war. FREE illustrated booklet.

MECHANICS TRAINING SCHOOL  
4701 W. Pico Dept. A-8 Los Angeles 6, Calif.

### ELIMINATE SUN

-SQUINT  
-MASK  
-BLUR

\*OCULENS... Scientifically processed, ground and polished sunglasses filter out sun glare without squinting, blurring or masking your vision—unlike ordinary sunglasses! You'll see the difference with smartly styled OCULENS For sports or street wear. Get a pair today!

**Oculens** TRADE MARK  
CLEAN VISION SUNGLASSES



## DOG TAG DOINGS

(Continued from page 26)

you'll find on page 25 of a man who stuck to his first love and has again gone down to the sea to serve his country. And again he's back at his old side-job of keeping his shipmates looking trim in a similar make-shift barbershop.

But we'll pass the buck to this re-tread, Otto Lenz, of 5431 64th Street, Maspeth, Long Island, New York, member of the Maspeth Post of the Legion, and have him spin his own yarn:

Enclosed you will find a photograph of barbering aboard ship at sea during the present war. Wonder if you remember that in Then and Now in the October, 1937, issue of our Legion magazine, you used a very similar picture of an impromptu barbership aboard ship? Well, the same guy is wielding the shears and comb in both pictures.

Of course, there've been some changes made! During the First World War I was an enlisted man, a machinist, aboard a destroyer, and the picture of my earlier barbering job was taken aboard the U. S. S. *Downes*. Now I am in the U. S. Merchant Maritime Service, hold the rank of lieutenant (E) and am Acting 1st Assistant Engineer aboard a liberty ship, whose name I'd better keep to myself. But officer or not, I still occupy my spare time as barber for the crew. And instead of collecting a dime for a shave and a quarter for a haircut as I did on the *Downes*, my services are given free to keep my clients from grumbling too much!

By the way, who said that only destroyers can prance? Well, you'll find little difference in that regard between destroyers and liberty ships when the latter are heading back to the States with little ballast aboard and your starting point is the Mediterranean during mid-winter. And now I am about to leave on my fourth outbound trip on a liberty ship that can take it—and has taken it on some of our voyages.

I'd like to hear from some of the old shipmates on the *Downes* those many years ago.

We enlisted Mrs. Lenz's aid in obtaining the First World War snapshot and we liked this comment in her letter to us: "I am mighty proud of him that he has taken on at his age a job that is so vitally important in winning this war. He is very fit physically, too!"

THE familiar crack about a man going to the dogs is exemplified in a true dog story that came to our desk recently. There are literally hundreds of pooches serving with our Army—as distinguished from the aristocrats of the K-9 Corps which are serving in the Army—in camps throughout the country and in many distant theaters of operations. What more natural than a boy—or a soldier—and a dog?



*No whiskey other than that distilled at the Old Crow Distillery is ever bottled under the Old Crow label.*



This distillery is devoted 100% to the government alcohol program. We are doing our utmost to distribute our stocks to assure a continuous supply for the duration.

**THOSE IN THE KNOW-ASK FOR**

**OLD CROW**

*A Truly Great Name*

**AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

**BOTTLED IN BOND**

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof



*The Rum of  
Delicious  
Flavor*

*For the Connoisseur*

# RONRICO\*

*Best RUM bar none\**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944, Ronrico Corp. \*Trademarks

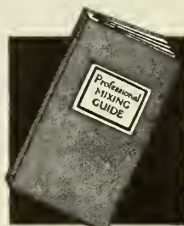


Get the Professional Mixing Guide—FREE. Let this standard book used by Professional Bartenders show you how to mix drinks properly and conserve precious liquor. Let it show you too, how you can add the perfecting touch of aroma, delicacy and flavor to the drink by knowing the how, the when, and the how much of Angostura.

Write for Free copy to

ANGOSTURA-  
WUPPERMANN CORP.  
304 East 45th Street  
New York 17, N. Y.

**ANGOSTURA**  
*De Singapore*  
**BITTERS**  
A TONIC APPETIZER  
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"



KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

With the picture of the GI and his dog pet came this tale from Private Dan Tabler of Post Public Relations, Post Headquarters, Camp Lee, Virginia:

She stands Reveille and Retreat, drills with the men, watches over her master's possessions and shares a bunk with Private Carl Volo of Company B, 13th Army Service Forces Training Regiment, here at Camp Lee.

"Nigger" is her name and she is a black three-year-old Dobermann Pinscher that was given to Volo when her former master was shipped out and couldn't take her with him.

"For a while," said Volo, "I kept her in the barracks with me, but the men didn't like it so I moved out into a tent and 'Nigger' and I share it."

Never late for formations and never asking the Orderly Room for passes, the Company Clerk enters "Nigger" on the book every morning. She's an all-around good soldier and never goes on sick call for the purpose of gold-bricking. During drill periods, the canine pet goes out onto the field with the

men and they swear she can march with the best of 'em.

"She saved me from being bitten by a copperhead the other day," Volo commented. "We were out walking in the woods when all of a sudden she jumped in front of me and sniffed at the ground. I looked down and there all curled up and ready to strike, was this snake."

If Volo goes to training lecture or some place where the dog is not permitted, she will sit out in front of their tent until he returns and will let no one get by into the tent until her master arrives. When chow call sounds, Nigger is not the chowhound one would expect. Instead, she waits patiently outside the messhall door waiting for her boss and her ration of chow.

"They were going to put us into a pup tent at first," Volo laughed, "but I knew there would be plenty of wise cracks about that, so I got a regulation six-man tent and we're sittin' pretty!"

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

## HALLORAN

(Continued from page 13)

that first meeting with wife or family for the man who has returned without an arm or leg or is otherwise disabled, has already been accomplished, and it has been found the ordeal was not as tough as had been anticipated.

Right here it is in order to say something about what should be the attitude of families and friends of crippled veterans. Don't fuss, coddle or sympathize. Don't ask fool questions. Let the initiative in any conversation about their experiences, painful or otherwise, come from them.

The aim of any physically handicapped person is to become completely unself-conscious with respect to his particular handicap. I know from personal experience that to the extent that I have been able to ignore my own physical handicap of a bad leg those whom I meet in either a social or business way seem equally unconscious of it. But friends and families must be patient during this inevitable period of adjustment when the disabled soldier is often bitter and anti-social.

Facial disfigurement is one of the most difficult hurdles. However, what I have just said applies here also. I remember shortly after the war in France meeting a French veteran whose facial disfigurement I had been warned about. Two minutes after meeting him I forgot all about the warnings. He was a charming and witty person and all I thought about was what an interesting time we were having. Today, of course, great scientific advancements have been made in plastic surgery and in prosthesis.\*

As for amputations, I remember sit-

ting on the beach at Venice a few years after the last war chatting with Laurence Stallings, author of the famous play *What Price Glory*. Between dashes into the surf he told me how losing a leg fighting in France had changed his entire outlook on life. He had been a reporter on the old New York *World* getting \$25 or \$35 a week, with no particular ambition except to go along and have a good time. He had just got a large check for the movie rights to his play and he was more or less sitting on top of the world. He said he owed it all to that amputation—it had forced him to use his head. As he put it, he might have remained a \$35-a-week leg man chasing fire engines and he wasn't punning. As for romance—how about Herbert Marshall, who lost his leg in the last war?

Even the unwounded or slightly wounded wonder what the reception at home will be. I was standing at the rail of the ferryboat on my way back to Manhattan chatting with a boy from Halloran, when he said more to himself than to me, "I wonder if the dog will know me?" Just plain home-sickness.

I was in the Red Cross Information Bureau when a boy from Arkansas who had been in England, North Africa and Italy said, "Well, it was worth all the trouble. I'm going home satisfied. I've seen Niagara Falls and the Statue of Liberty."

What interested me most after I had got a general idea of the various activities at Halloran was what was being done in the way of occupational and recreational therapy.

I think that Colonel deVoe, commanding officer, describes the idea back of this plan better than I can and I am taking the liberty of quoting his answers

\* See "With Head Held High," Page 9, March, 1944, American Legion Magazine.



## LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh** Eveready Batteries



**"When you said bring in a prisoner for questioning, sir, I thought I might as well get one who knew all the answers!"**

*"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" He's the one who finally has to slug it out man to man with the enemy. Watch him, and you'll see a war won!*

STOP AND THINK before blaming your dealer for being out of "Eveready" flashlight batteries. He hasn't got them because the Armed Forces have, and because essential war industries have. Nearly all we can make have been going to these two most important customers of ours.



**FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line** →

*The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.*



to some questions recently asked him at a business forum on a radio station:

"To recondition means simply to put into condition. This then is the purpose of the Army's reconditioning program in progress at Halloran General Hospital. The return to duty of service personnel, recovered from injury or disease, in the best possible physical condition. Restoration of a man to a point where he is able to retain a place in the Army or a self-respecting place in the community. The program will assist him in making the greatest possible improvement and return him to civil life, his disability at a minimum. He will learn that he can take his place in society as a useful, self-supporting citizen. Above all the Army's reconditioning program gives to those who have been more severely wounded or have suffered loss of limb, the all-important incentive to get well."

A most important part of the reconditioning program takes place in the gymnasium, where bag punching, parallel bars, rowing machines and other paraphernalia do their part in restoring normal functions.

In the Occupational Therapy building and Divisional and Craft shops are printing presses, sewing machines, power drills, scroll saws, and other machine tools, many of which are the exact counterpart

of production machinery to be found in industry. A patient who has lost two fingers is using a saw to aid in the restoration of muscle tone and point motion. Another is modeling clay to restore ability to pick up and grasp objects.

The various machines run with foot pedals are used to restore normal functioning of feet and legs.

A giant checker game laid out on the floor represents the last step in graded activity for back injuries.

Setting type helps restore use of a patient's hands as well as teaching him something which may help him earn a living later.

Recreational Therapy is in direct charge of the Gray Ladies of the Red Cross but under the general supervision of Army Occupational Therapy. This department was developed and brought to its present state of efficiency by Miss Elizabeth H. Smedes, O.T.R., who is now carrying on the same work with Second Service Command; Miss Marguerite Sieverman, O.T.R., is now in charge. Here we find painting, modeling, leather work, weaving, metalwork, woodcarving, pottery making and braiding.

As I passed through, boys who had been in England, Ireland, North Africa and Italy were exchanging coins to make bracelets and rings, to the accompaniment of arguments (never settled) as to

the exact value of 'arf a crown or a ha'penny.

In the various workrooms there was not much conversation, with almost invariably a complete absorption in the work in hand, whether it was painting a landscape or making a leather wallet.

The activities of the Army Occupational Therapy department are not confined to the special building set aside for them but are also a part of the treatment of ward patients.

Work in various crafts is a definite part of the reconditioning program in the wards. The instructors are Red Cross volunteer workers who operate under the supervision of the Occupational Therapy Department.

I cannot close this all too brief account of my impressions of Halloran without a tribute to the Red Cross Motor Corps.

At 8 o'clock every morning they start from their east side garage in New York's Manhattan for the hospital and all day long they maintain what is virtually a taxi service, transporting wounded men, visiting firemen like myself—anyone in fact who has a good reason for being there—to and from Halloran and from building to building within the gates.

As they used to say of the Navy in the last war, "They took us over and they brought us back."



## BOUGAINVILLE BURSTS

(Continued from page 21)

two back to our lines. We were lucky to make it.

"When we got back there a lieutenant says, 'We gotta get them darned pill-boxes! We gotta get 'em if it's the last thing I ever do.' The lieutenant was so mad that he was near cryin'. 'Well, sir,' I told him, 'I know where those pill-boxes are.' He says, 'Sergeant, can you lead my tank to them?' I says, 'What are we waitin' for?' So off we go, me layin' flat on the rear top of the tank, shootin' tracers toward the pillboxes so's the tank could steer right there."

The sergeant takes a deep drag on his cigaret and frowns.

"The first thing I knew something hot stung me in the chest. I looked down and could see where a bullet creased through the skin. We kept right on going. That tank wound up damned near smack on top of the pillboxes, and she opened up with machine-gun fire. I had a tommy gun, with three clips of ammunition. The first three Nips I spot in the hole, I let 'em have it good. I got all three of the little so-and-so's. One of them seemed to break into pieces.

"Just then something hit me in the eye. It hurt like hell. I reached up with my hand, and when I brought the hand down, there was part of my eye laying right in it."

He grins. "I'm no hero," he says. "I was lucky. How's the eye look?"

"Looks fine," we say. It did. The surgeon had taken it out clean as a whistle. "You've still that one good eye, kid."

"Sure," he says cheerfully. "But the war's over for me. I'm being evacuated. Going home to good old Michigan. After two years of fightin', I suppose I got a little rest coming."

Lt. Carl D. Johnson of San Francisco lies with his head swathed in bandages. He says he is suffering from concussion. His story reads like a piece of fiction.

"This Jap and I almost ran into each other. Both of us were so surprised we just stared at each other for a few seconds. Then I brought up my carbine and tried to shoot him. The carbine jammed. I grabbed it by the barrel and swung a haymaker at the Nip. He let one go at the same time. I don't know what happened after that. The lights went out."

What happened was that, although both men fell unconscious, the Jap never did get up. Johnson had administered a mortal blow with his vicious butt sweep. When he came to, his own men were taking care of him. For two days he went about his duties, insisting that he was all right. But head pains began to prove severe, and he wound up in the hospital. His patrol, incidentally, succeeded in killing 14 Japs that day, without an American loss.

2d Lt. John P. Trauger, a redheaded patrol leader from Lancaster, Pa., says he is feeling fine physically, but is unable to rid from his mind the memory of his two scouts, both of whom were killed when the patrol walked into an ambush.

"I'll never forget this one boy, my second scout," he says. "There were eight of us. We were reconnoitering Jap positions and came across several pill-boxes. All were abandoned. At least, that's what we thought. We checked three pillboxes and were about to search a fourth when Nips popped their heads out of it and opened fire with a beautifully camouflaged light machine gun.

"My first scout was killed instantly. The second scout fell with his body full of slugs. The range was only a few feet. How I kept from being killed is a miracle. The second scout could only whisper, 'I'm done for, Lieutenant. Give 'em hell.' Then he died. God, when I think of that poor kid!

"We had to back up and take cover. The rest of the patrol returned the fire hard, killing five Nips for sure. I tried to get to the bodies of the two scouts, but the Japs had a firelane of hot lead between us and the bodies. We couldn't do a thing."

A wounded corporal begins telling the story of his patrol, and his eyes fill with tears so that he has to stop for a moment.

"We lost one of the grandest guys in the world," he says, "Lieutenant Dick Combs, our company commander. He comes from Baltimore, and has a baby there he's never seen. He used to write the baby and have his wife read the letter, although of course the little boy didn't understand anything the lieutenant wrote.

"Lieutenant Combs didn't even have to lead this patrol. But he insisted on it, because he had just been made C.O., and he wanted to lead the boys personally. We moved out along the river to Hill 250. Combs and three G.I.'s made a general reconnaissance, and ran into barbed wire. They cut their way through the wire, and right then a Jap light machine gun and some riflemen opened up. One of the enlisted men returned the fire, killing a Nip.

"There were too many Japs there for four men, so Combs moved them back, and called for artillery fire. As soon as the barrage lifted, the C.O., another lieutenant and five G.I.'s maneuvered under the wire.

"Combs killed his first Jap at that point, and an enlisted man got another. That made three.

"It was then that a sniper got Lieutenant Combs. He shot him through the head and shoulder, and killed him instantly. At the same time, the Nips

YOUR SHOES  
WILL ALWAYS  
"Pass Inspection"  
IF YOU CHOOSE  
*The Legionnaire*

**\$8.50**




Many Other Styles  
**\$6.50 \* \$8.50**  
Denver West Slightly  
Higher

**W. L. Douglas Shoes**  
W. L. DOUGLAS / SHOE CO., BROCKTON 15, MASS., U.S.A.

Stores in Principal Cities  
Good Dealers Everywhere

**BUY ANOTHER BOND TODAY!**

**BELL**



**WATERPROOF**

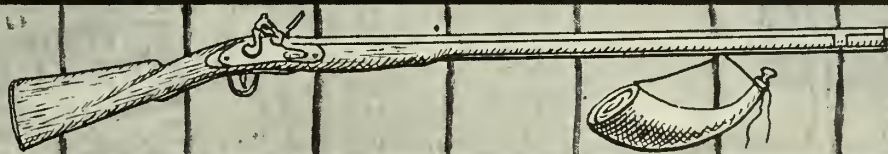
Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. NU 121—15 jewels, stainless steel back	<b>\$39.75</b>
No. NU 212—17 jewels, stainless steel back	<b>\$42.50</b>
No. NU 330—17 jewels, all stainless steel case	<b>\$59.75</b>

POSTPAID FED. TAX INCL. • MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

**BELL WATCH COMPANY**  
Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.





**Miller's**



**HIGH LIFE**

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN





**I**F YOU'VE  
TRIED IT,  
YOU KNOW...



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

*Famous* **OLD  
FORESTER**  
*America's Guest Whisky*

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC.  
at LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY

pitched hand grenades on the left flank of our second squad, injuring four men. I was one of them.

"We all went kind of crazy then. I mean we didn't get excited. We felt so damned mad I think we could have taken on a whole platoon, or tried to. We carried Combs' body and the four wounded men to the bottom of the hill. Then a sergeant and a PFC went back and crawled through the wire again, hell-bent for trouble. The PFC saw a Nip making an exit from the jungle to the trail, and he fired one round. The Nip dropped, but the PFC sure was fightin' mad. He put two more slugs through him. That made five for us.

"The sarge nailed No. 6. He got him with a carbine. The Jap dropped, and I mean it did us a lot of good to see the sarge crawl over and put two more rounds into him. A few minutes later the PFC bagged No. 7, and the sarge fired four rounds into another one. This last guy wasn't killed, but the sarge couldn't get him, though he sure tried hard.

"We withdrew then. We had to bury Lieutenant Combs. I ain't exaggerating when I say all of us cried. We marked the spot and went home. Nobody said a word. We were just thinking hard. And the next day we went out and recovered Lieutenant Combs's body. I pity those Japs if any more come moseying around Hill 250 where we were. We'll kill every damned one of them."

An aid man comes into the ward and tells us, "Lieutenant, there's a man over in the next tent you might like to see. He's hurt bad."

We tiptoe into the next tent. A soldier lies on his cot. His eyes are glazed, and his lips move slowly. His breath comes hard. The chaplain, a Catholic, bends over him, administering the rites of the church. A gas lantern flickers over the death scene, and only the chaplain's voice is heard. Even the artillery has stopped, as if in unscheduled respect. The soldier's lips move restlessly now, and the chaplain, bending low, presses the crucifix to the dying man's lips. There is a final gasp, and it is all over.

"This man," says the grayhaired priest, "was shot through the stomach. The rest of his patrol was in the middle of a terrible firefight, and they had to leave him in the jungle when they withdrew, marking the spot and covering him with the biggest leaves they could find.

"The next day," says the chaplain, "men went out to get him. They searched and searched, but there was no trace of him. The trouble was that he had been covered too well. Not until the following day—and this man had lain there two days and nights, still conscious, did they finally find him.

"It was too late. The Medics could

## Keep Perspiring Feet Dry and Sweet

Don't suffer longer with wet, perspiring feet. Don't walk around all day with damp socks or stockings that torture tender feet. Just dust your feet and shoes with Allen's Foot-Ease—that wonderful, soothing, cooling powder that acts instantly to absorb excessive perspiration and stop offensive foot odors. Go to the nearest drug store and get Allen's Foot-Ease. Get rid of that wet, clammy feeling—enjoy the blissful comfort of dry socks and stocki gs—get foot-happy today the Foot-Ease way.

## Store Route Plan PAYS BIG MONEY

### SELL COUNTER CARD PRODUCTS

Build a good-paying business of your own. Call on dealers of all kinds; show nationally-advertised Aspirin, Vitamins, Cosmetics and 200 other necessities. Big 5c and 10c retail packages, high quality. Attractive counter displays sell goods fast. Free book gives amazing facts. Write!

World's Products Co., Dept. 13-Y, Spencer, Ind.



THE AMERICAN LEGION  
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT

MAY 31, 1944

#### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$1,042,099.75
Accounts Receivable .....	90,327.04
Inventories .....	146,760.02
Invested funds .....	3,151,978.03
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund .....	224,881.97
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation .....	120,741.74
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation .....	50,437.34
Deferred Charges .....	65,957.07
	<u>\$4,893,182.96</u>

#### Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities .....	\$ 132,834.05
Funds restricted as to use .....	44,091.86
Deferred revenue .....	593,094.68
Permanent Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund .....	224,881.97
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital...\$3,108,775.16	
Unrestricted Capital.. 789,505.24	\$3,898,280.40
	<u>\$4,893,182.96</u>

DONALD G. GLASCOFF, National Adjutant

**PULVEX** Combination  
**WORM CAPSULES**  
*Expel*  
TAPE, ROUND (Ascarid)  
HOOK AND WHIP WORMS **50¢**

**BINGO!**

Specials—1500s—7 Colors  
Specials—1500s—10 Colors  
Specials 5, 6 or 7 to the Pad  
Black and Red Markers  
Admission Tickets  
Attendance Prize  
Coupons  
Cages—While They Last  
Catalin Markers

write for  
**FREE CATALOG**  
**HARRY LEVITS**  
Dept. AL, 131 W. 14th St., N.Y.C.



do little for him. It was a mortal wound, anyway, and the mystery is that he lived as long as he did. That soldier told me he prayed almost constantly. He told me he didn't feel afraid to die. He kept asking God to take care of his family. He told God he was sorry for all the sins he had committed, but that he knew he had not led the best kind of life and was prepared to accept the consequences."

The chaplain's voice breaks.

"I've seen a lot of this sort of thing," he says, "and Lord knows my heart bleeds for all these wonderful kids who have to die in a jungle they never even knew existed except in their geography books, until they came out here. But this soldier here affects me deeply. I know that God will forgive him for whatever sins he thinks he has committed. God will never turn down a soul like that."

The orderly pulls a sheet over the dead man's head. We walk outside with the chaplain.

## "BISCUIT-BOMBING"

(Continued from page 23)

the loneliest jobs in the whole damn war. And one of the most important."

The ground was falling away, and our altimeter (in this war they pronounce it a new way: aTIMMeter; not ALti-meter) showed that we were dropping too. Kain pointed out a plane to our left, flying in the opposite direction, perhaps a mile away.

"Note how in this area of the war we fly right across the tree-tops," he said. "That makes it harder for the Japs to see us. We had trouble with new pilots coming over here from North Africa. They were in the habit of flying at a height of three, five, or even eight thousand feet. It took a while to convince them that low level is safer here."

The jungle was still a thick, matted, shivery green below us. Now and then we saw a clearing or a landing strip with a history. "There's a strip where we had to fight for every inch," said Jerry Kain presently. I looked silently and reverently at a place where brave American men had died to make possible safer airplane voyages by supply planes. In this nearly impenetrable swamp and jungle any strip of clean, dry territory sizable for an airplane looks comforting and welcome. Inch by inch our American forces are working their way through the wilderness, bringing the war closer each day to the Japs.

We crossed the new Ledo Road—that vital new supply line where GI engineers are forging their way through territory never before traveled by anything on wheels. Even from above the mud looked plenty rugged. My heart went out to the officers and men stationed in these wil-



"I gave her dad a pack of Sir Walter Raleigh—and he gave me Her!"

Smokes as sweet  
as it smells

"... the quality pipe  
tobacco of America"



UNION MADE



FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

## FACTORY WORKERS warned about ATHLETE'S FOOT

With  
Itching  
Between  
Cracked  
Peeling Toes!

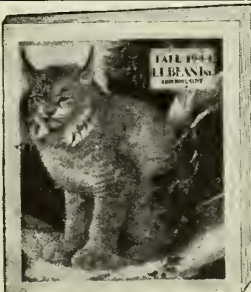


If you're discouraged about a stubborn, hard to relieve case of Athlete's Foot (very catching)—just try *Extra Strength ZEMO*—a Doctor's invisible medicated liquid backed by 35 years' success.

First applications of *ZEMO* promptly relieve your distress and on contact actually kill those vicious germs that most commonly cause and spread Athlete's Foot. Use *Zemo* freely—soon your discomfort should disappear. Stainless—so clean to use! Get today. Any drugstore.

NOTE: For real stubborn cases buy *Extra Strength*

**ZEMO**



## Free Fall Catalog

Ready August 7

Showing Hunting Footwear, Clothing, and forty-three other leather and canvas specialties of our own manufacture for campers and hunters.

L. L. Bean, Inc.  
Freeport 93, Me.

## OFFICIAL SERVICE FLAGS



Honor YOUR Service Man with this beautiful Service Flag in your window or home. Satin, with yellow fringe—blue star in field of red for each man in service.

ORDER FROM THIS AD

No. 21—7x11", each ..... \$ .50  
No. 22—10x15", each ..... .75  
No. 24—12x18", each ..... 1.00  
No. 25—15x24", each ..... 1.50  
Includes 1 to 5 stars—gold stars also  
Order today. Satisfaction or money back.

Special sizes for Churches, Lodges, Business Houses

## ROLL OF HONOR

A permanent tribute—beautiful walnut plaque with eagle and Victory torches. Gold bordered name plates, with names in silver. Send for illustrated price list. U. S. Flags, Christian and Papal Flags for Churches. Send for price list.

REGALIA MFG. CO.  
Dept. A, Rock Island, Illinois



Make Every Shot Count!

35 MM Film Developed  
36 Enlargements

18 exp. 75c • 16 exp. Split 55c  
36 exp. Reloads 50c

All miniature and split size film finished in our famous 3 1/4 x 4 1/2 Beauty Prints—deckled, embossed margin and embossed date.

When film is scarce and every snapshot is doubly precious make every shot count! Don't take a chance and spoil good film by poor developing and printing. Today, more than ever, our careful, efficient, prompt service is your best protection against wasted film—your best assurance of pride and satisfaction with your pictures. Send roll and money or write for FREE mailers and samples—also complete Price List.

Artistic Contact Finishing. 8 exp. rolls complete set of deckled-edge, embossed, wide-margin prints. Credits for failures. FREE Enlargement Coupon with each roll.

**MAIL-BAG FILM SERVICE**  
Dept. 23 • Box 5440A • Chicago 80

25¢



## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If your address has been changed since paying your 1944 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. Also tell your Post Adjutant what you are doing.

### GIVE ALL INFORMATION BELOW NEW ADDRESS

Name.....  
(Please Print)  
Street Address, etc. ....  
City.....  
State.....  
1944 Membership Card No. ....  
Post No. ....  
State Dept. ....  
OLD ADDRESS  
Street Address, etc. ....  
City.....  
State.....

## Build Yourself A Profitable Business

### Sell Mason's New ALL WOOL

## BUFFALO CHECK SHIRTS

SAMPLE  
OUTFIT FREE

Good news for salesmen! The all-wool Buffalo Check Shirt is smashing sales records for Mason Salesmen.

These useful, stylish, colorful shirts boom sales and help you introduce the great Mason line of 200 fast-selling Shoe styles, leather jackets, raincoats—scores of popular items your customers need and will BUY quick.

National Advertising in Saturday Evening Post, Esquire, Liberty and other magazines create advance demand. You call and sell—and profit.

### AIR CUSHIONED SHOES

22 Million copies of magazines carrying our national advertising tell story of Mason Shoes and service you can give. Mason Shoes really F-I-T. No retail store can compete with your service to customers.

### FULL CUT SPORT SHIRTS

Every outdoor man, boy, girl is prospect for these eye-catching, soft, all-wool, long-wearing Buffalo check shirts. Generously cut. Genuine comfort. They meet today's demand and net you EXTRA profits.

### MAKE MONEY FIRST DAY

Get copy of free Book showing how thousands succeeded . . . how YOU should start making money very First Day! Learn how to get Actual Samples FREE—how to become a Big-Money Maker in leading 40 year old organization. Learn how shoe rationing opens tremendous EXTRA sales field. Get AUTO-MATIC Selling Plan. Investigate! Costs you nothing. RUSH COUPON TODAY!

**RUSH**

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.,  
Dept. M-110, Chippewa Falls, Wis.  
Gentlemen: Please rush me your new Sample Line of Buffalo Check Shirts, Leather Jackets, Shoes and other fast sellers. Give me without cost, everything I need to start Making Money the very First Day.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town.....State.....

**MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

derness camps and forcing the roadway through by their own blood and sweat, a few inches every day closer to victory.

Co-Pilot O'Malley pushed me out of the cushioned seat about this time. "I have to give the signal," he explained gently.

I walked back through the radio compartment into the rear of the plane. The huge, yawning door which had been kept open on the entire trip was stacked high now with half a dozen sacks and boxes. Three men acted as pushers. One stood on the right and the other on the left of the door, steady and pushing with one free arm while each of them hung on with the other. A third man sat on the floor, back braced against the wall, and pushed with his feet.

Our target pulled alongside and under us. Pilot Kain swooped the plane closer to earth, to bring the tail safely out of the path of the parachutes and precious freight. At a signal the three pushers heaved-ho. A tethered rope at top of each package pulled open the individual parachutes, and the merchandise drifted gently to land.

The plane circled around easily. Another stack of sacks and boxes mounted, doorway high, against the open chasm of a door. Once more we swooped. Once more the three huskies pushed their load of food out into open space. The ground below us, at "Target No. 33," began to look like a meadow, with the grounded white chutes smiling up at us like daisies."

Certain goods, tightly packed in sacks, can be dropped with no chutes at all, I was reminded. But most items require chutes. Small boxes are packed together into a larger container and then fastened to a chute. It is a science.

"We deliver anything," Lieutenant Colonel Cornell, commanding officer of this unit of Troop Carriers, had explained to me before the plane took off. "One day the Japs sneaked in at a certain spot and poisoned the water-hole. So we dropped 6,000 pounds of water there in addition to the usual supplies. It's all in the day's work."

The plane had circled the target enough times by now so that only a handful of sacks and crates remained. I crept closer to the yawning door and tried a picture. It was not too successful. A braver man would have hung on with his teeth and snapped a picture down through the open door, but there was too little to grab—and handling a camera is a two-handed job. And despite my own World War I ballooning experience and thousands of air-miles in World War II, high places and open elevator shafts still hold a fascination for me which I have to fight.

... It may be, too, that any too-revealing closeup of these military outposts would be tabooed by the press censor.

But I got a picture of the crew and some of the ground men who helped

# MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

## This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

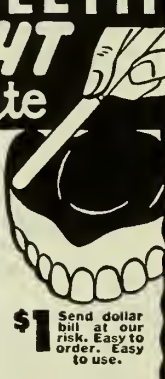
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## FALSE TEETH FIT TIGHT with Dentyte

Soften DENTYTE by warming—spread it on your plate—put in mouth and bite to make a perfect impression. Remove plate—and allow few minutes to "set." You get an absolutely perfect fit. Sore gums vanish—no more slipping or loose teeth. DENTYTE is firm but resilient. Each lining lasts for months. Immediately removable with fingers. Full size jar—la year's undreamed of comfort per plate, postpaid only.



\$1 Send dollar bill at our risk. Easy to order. Easy to use.

Positively Guaranteed

Dental Products Corp., Dent. AL-147, Manheim, Pa.

# Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

450-M Frontier Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.

**PULVEX  
FLEA POWDER**  
*Kills fleas* **25¢ AND 50¢**  
JUST APPLY TO ONE SPOT

# Get More Comfort For Standing Feet

## With A Daily Ice-Mint Treat

Don't let tired, burning sensitive feet steal energy and make the hours seem longer. Just massage frosty white Ice-Mint on your feet and ankles before work to help keep them cool and comfortable . . . and after work to help perk them up for an evening of fun. No greasy feeling—won't stain socks or stockings. Grand, too, to help soften corns and callouses. Get Ice-Mint from your druggist today and get foot happy this easy way.



with the loading. They invited me to go on their next food-dropping mission too, but I had to hurry back to my own camp, 40 miles away. As I jogged along a bumpy Assam highway, past the tea-gardens of northern India, I thought how God, at a critical period in the life of Elijah, fed that valiant man by sending manna every day via the ravens. Our GI biscuit-bombers go the ravens one better. Their manna is K-ration, including moist and delicious canned American food. And sweet chocolate and cigarets. And things to read. These biscuit-bombers kill no Japs, but they help enormously to keep the ground fighters healthy and contented—and fighting.

## OUTFIT NOTICES

SPACE restrictions permit us at present to publish only announcements of scheduled reunions. Let us hope before long we can resume the general service to veteran's organizations that this magazine has always rendered.

Details of the following reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion in conjunction with A. L. Natl. Conv., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18-20. Al R. Wallach, C. O., 1112 Ambassador Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

NATL. YEOMAN (F)—Reunion-dinner, during Legion Natl. Conv., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18-20. Mrs. Mildred Piekarski, chmn., 4209 S. Maplewood Ave., Chicago.

ARMY AND NAVY LEGION OF VALOR—54th annual reunion and election of officers, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, Aug. 14-16. Earle D. Norton, chmn., 29 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

SOC. OF 1ST DIV.—Annual reunion during Legion Natl. Conv., Chicago, Sept. 18-20. Stephen Flaherty, secy.-treas., 106 Hale St., Fayetteville, N. C.

NATL. 4TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual natl. reunion during Legion Natl. Conv., Chicago, Sept. 18-20. Ralph Browne, chmn., 6336 Kenwood Ave., Chicago. Send names and addresses for new roster of First World War 4th Div. vets. soon to be published, to Carlton E. Dunn, treas., 8514 160th St., Jamaica, L. I. 2, N. Y.

NATL. ASSOC. 6TH DIV.—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 22-24. Clarence A. Anderson, natl. secy.-treas., P.O. Box 502, Ogden, Utah.

31ST. (DIXIE) DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion-dinner during Legion Natl. Conv., Chicago, Sept. 18-20. For details, and copy *Petite DD News*, write Walter A. Anderson, secy., 5076 N. Wolcott Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—27th annual reunion, Hotel Normandie, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 3-5. Geo. J. Klier, secy., 212 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TEXAS-OKLA. (90TH) DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Dallas, Tex., Nov. 3-5. Fred R. Horton, natl. pres., 5621 McComas St., Dallas. 56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—13th reunion, Shamokin, Pa., Aug. 5-6. W. M. Gaskin, P. O. Box 161, Smithfield, N. C.

VETS. 314TH INF.—Reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 22-24. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlott St., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

353RD. (ALL KANSAS) INF. SOC.—Annual reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2-3. For new roster, send name, address and company to John C. Hughes, secy., 829 East Ave. B, Hutchinson, Kans.

328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—20th reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., during Legion Dept. Conv., Aug. 11-13. Leonard J. Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison Ave., S.E., Grand Rapids 7.

301ST ENGRS. ASSOC.—24th annual reunion, Narragansett Hotel, Providence, R. I., Sept. 16. Write E. S. Borod, secy.-treas., 51 Empire St., Providence.

308TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—24th annual reunion, Cambridge, Ohio, Aug. 5-6. Lee W. Staffler, secy., Sandusky, Ohio.

22d. ENGRS., COS. A, B & C—Reunion, Ottawa, Ill., Sept. 3. Julius A. Nelson, adjt., 23 E. 137th Pl., Riverdale Sta., Chicago 27, Ill.

415TH R. R. TEL. BN.—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 19. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell St., Chicago.

141ST. AERO SQDRN.—26th annual reunion, Senator Hotel, Sacramento, Calif., Sept. 3-4. Capt. Arthur D. Dodds, 59 Hillside Dr., Fairfax, Calif.

EVAC. HOSP. 13—25th annual reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Write Leo J. Bellg, secy., 808 Ash St., Toledo 11, Ohio.

AUGUST, 1944

# Refreshing...and GOOD TASTE

Never sharp...

Never bitter...

Always mellow



MILWAUKEE'S  
MOST EXQUISITE  
BEER



BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR 93rd YEAR

## ATHLETE'S FOOT



**Doctor's Famous Prescription Acts Quickly**  
Athlete's Foot is a stubborn, tormenting skin infection which calls for treatment with a recognized *specific*.

Using Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX—the original formula developed by this noted authority on diseases and deformities of the feet—is amazingly effective in FIVE highly important ways:

- (1) To immediately relieve intense itching
- (2) To quickly kill the fungi on contact
- (3) To make perspiration conditions of the feet less favorable to attack of the fungi
- (4) To help prevent infection from spreading;
- (5) To aid quick healing

So, at the first sign of itching, cracked, peeling, blistered or raw skin between the toes, or on the feet, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (Liquid or Ointment). You'll marvel how promptly and effectively it produces good results. Only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores everywhere. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX!

**Dr. Scholl's  
SOLVEX** FOR ATHLETE'S  
FOOT



## REEVES FABRICS

make strong, sturdy  
UNIFORMS...WORK AND SPORT CLOTHES



See your dealer for uniforms, work or sport clothes made from Reeves Fabrics, or write to: \*Fabric shrinkage not more than 1%

Specify Reeves Army Twill of which the U. S. Army has already bought eighty million yards. Also demand Glengorrie Poplin for matching shirts. Both fabrics are Sanforized.\* (U. S. Government test CCC-1-191-a)



**REEVES BROS., INC.**  
54 Worth Street, New York City



## ITCH CHECKED In A Jiffy

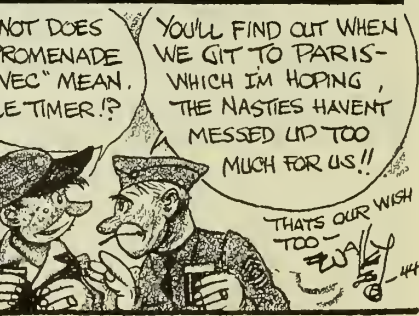
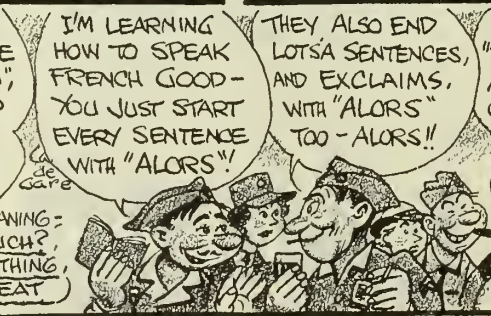
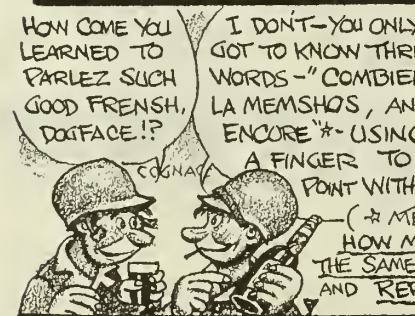
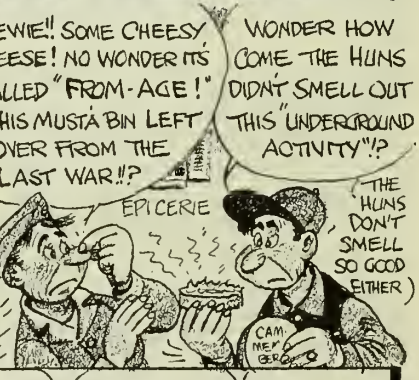
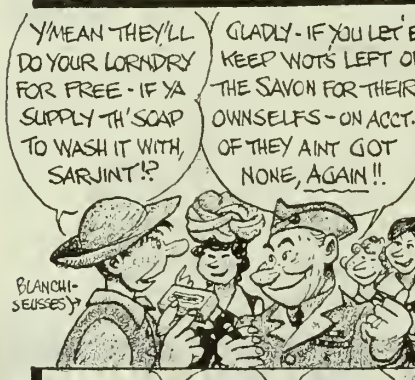
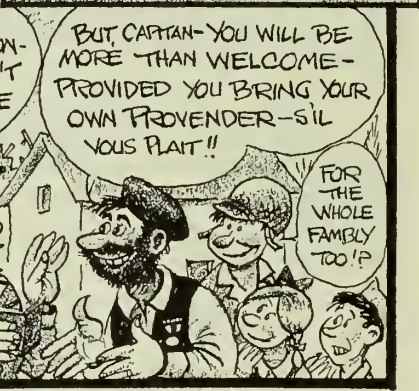
Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35¢ trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. Prescription.





# BACK IN FRANCE

WITH "G.I. JOES," NOT DOUGHBOYS, TODAY.





# "LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT WAS..."

"It was a nightmare.

"They came in wave after wave. And their bullets splattered like rain on our deck, and the big guns sounded like doors being slammed in a hall in the sky and the pounding of A. A. guns was like guys pounding to get out again, and over it all the high, thin scream of the bombs.

"We thought for a minute they had us . . . we thought maybe our number was up . . . that we were through, finished, done for . . .

*"And then . . . the thunder of our planes came down and shook the world!"*

"I tell you, they swarmed in the sky and shut out the light like a cloud . . . planes and more planes than we had ever seen before. They swept down and struck like the vengeance of God, and the enemy fell in clusters of flame, and the air was filled with the sound of their going and the water was littered with planes and men. And they died in the sea.

"That's how it was . . . that's how it was in the Coral Sea . . . that's how it was at Midway . . . that's how it was at Truk . . . that's how we know it will be . . .

*"Because out here, we've seen the power of America at war . . .*

*"And we can see that this same power can be the power to build a new and greater America than we have known before. An America where there will*

*be new homes . . . new towns . . . new opportunities to work, to dream, to invent . . . to live as free and individual men, the lives we want to live.*

*"That's how we see it . . .*

*That's how it will be . . .*

*That's how it must be when we come home."*

After Victory we must convert the full force of America's vast productive capacity to production for peace. For only in this way can Victory be made real . . . only in this way can America continue to grow . . . only in this way can the hopes of all of us be realized.

Today, we're building 2,000 h. p. Pratt & Whitney supercharged aircraft engines for the Navy's Vought Corsair and Grumman Hellcat fighters . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces.

But the progress of Nash-Kelvinator before and during the war will not stop when war ends. Every new skill, new method, all our new knowledge will be applied to the building of better automobiles, refrigerators and electrical appliances than have ever been built before.



The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

## NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

*Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing*



**NASH  KELVINATOR**



BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS—BUY MORE THAN BEFORE



"Attaboy, Joe...  
light up a Camel  
and look natural!"



R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.,  
Winston-Salem,  
N. C.



Just seems that Camels are always "in  
the picture" wherever you go—and your  
taste and your throat will tell you why!

YOU CAN'T print the flavor of a cigarette. You can't snap it with a camera, paint it with a brush. Only *your own* taste can tell you which cigarette *you* like best. And only *your own* throat can decide which cigarette "likes you" best. Give your taste a chance to judge the rich, full, mellow flavor of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos. Prove for yourself that Camel is *still* Camel. Give your throat a chance to experience Camel's mildness, coolness, and kindness.

Try Camels on your own T-Zone, T for taste, T for throat, the true proving ground for a cigarette.



# Camels—First in the Service

With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard,

the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)